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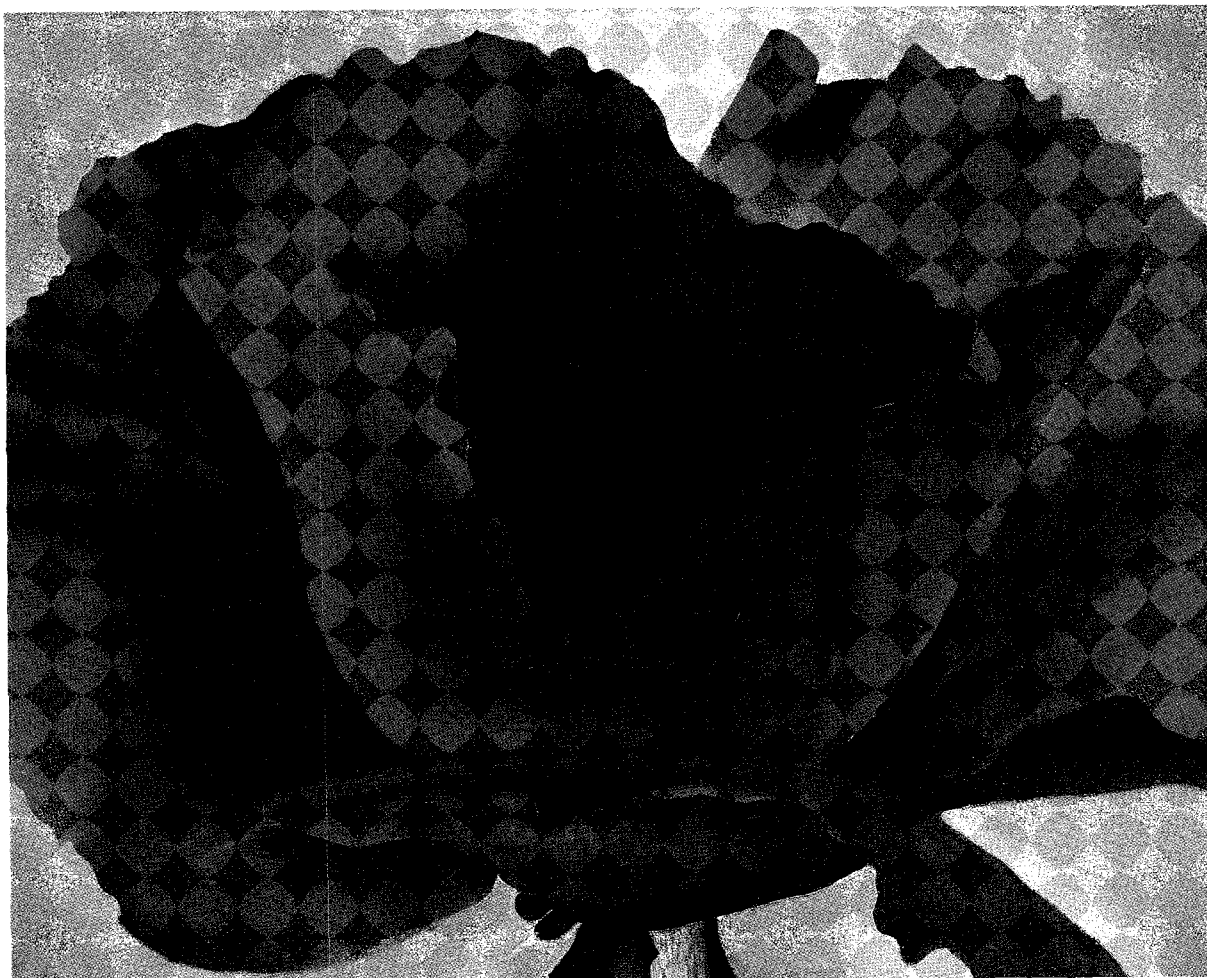


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• JAMES GARDNER ON JULIAN SCHNABEL •

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Ferdinand E. Marcos

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

26 Glasnosting Gorbachev

After Gorbachev's Summit performance, all Washington is saying: You gotta love him.

John McLaughlin

28 After the Euphoria

Has the INF Summit completed what Yalta began? Western Europe trembles.

Brian Crozier

38 Those Wacky Democrats

What happens when Dopey, Grumpy, Happy, and Doc decide to run for President?

Richard Brookhiser

44 Playing King of the Hill

Jim Wright's strong-arm tactics have ignited a GOP rebellion in the House.

Cort Kirkwood

48 The Election That Wasn't

Haiti is out of control, and the U.S. refuses to help.

Selden Rodman

54 Will Herberg, Pluralist

NR's first religion editor is only now being understood as the defender of a morally worthwhile politics and a vibrant pluralism.

Richard John Neuhaus

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

56 On perusing Julian Schnabel's latest work, James Gardner wonders: What if they gave an exhibition and nobody came? . . . Arthur Miller's *Timebends*: A Life is an ingenious story of an admirable life, says Jeffrey Meyers. . . . In *Confused Roaring: Evelyn Waugh and the Modernist Tradition*, George McCartney makes a case for Waugh's critical significance that Chilton Williamson Jr. finds utterly compelling. . . . Barnaby Conrad finds Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s *Mongoose R.I.P.* the best Blackford Oakes novel yet. . . . Along with beer and pretzels, Joseph Sobran enjoys *Orthodoxy: The American Spectator Anniversary Anthology*. . . . Evan Galbraith fought the good fight, and now tells the tale well in *An Ambassador in Paris*, judges Brian Crozier. . . . John Huston's *The Dead* and Oliver Stone's *Wall Street* almost meet with John Simon's approval. . . . D. Keith Mano meets Andy Warhol.

6 LETTERS

11 FOR THE RECORD

12 THE WEEK

36 helo[®]

52 ABROAD

66 THE RIGHT BOOKS

72 ON THE RIGHT

74 TRANS-O-GRAM

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LETTERS

Kirk Clicks

Thank you for Russell Kirk's "Lost Souls" [Dec. 31], which has helped me clarify my own thinking. I had no trouble with the big questions: I knew that God exists, that I have a soul. What had troubled me was the skepticism of my nihilistic friends—and Professor Kirk makes it clear that theirs is an ideology as blind and dogmatic as they claim religion is. We don't need a proof for religious truth; rather, those who claim that everything—or *anything*—makes sense without it have their work cut out for them. We *know* that man is more than "a mechanism, a fleshly computer"; with that knowledge everything falls into place.

The same issue contains Charlotte Hays's "'And the Greatest of These Is Social Justice,'" which so painfully bears out Professor Kirk's sad understanding that "the churches [have] abandoned their primary purpose of ordering the soul." To abandon the humble virtue of charity for a prideful restructuring of society is to deny the true church. The hot, angry pride of those who chronicle themselves as "Daring to Seek Justice," who take money meant to help needy people and instead use it to pursue a radical political agenda, is more frightening than the juvenile arrogance of my friends who think they can make it through life without the Lord's guidance. At least you can outgrow atheism.

Julia Ernst

East Tawas, Mich.

Southern Aggression

Thomas Fleming ["Books, Arts, & Manners," Nov. 6] assumes that the North ceased to exist as a cultural force because of poor writing on the part of its historians and literati after the War Between the States. He does name some great Southern writers to support his thesis that the American memory of the War has been shaped by the South, but he has ignored the best history and fiction on the period, which was Unionist if not always Northern.

Of the authors omitted by Fleming, a few that leap to mind: Carl Sandburg, Bruce Catton, Stephen Crane, Barbara W. Tuchman, William Manchester. Mark Twain had a tremendous role in shaping the American consciousness of the entire period. To assert that these writers were

less influential than their Southern counterparts is ridiculous.

Vincent F. Rottura
Fairview Park, Ohio

George Fitzhugh made the point in the 1850s that civilization was a hardy plant of indigenous growth, rather than a hothouse exotic import. He indicated that New England had created a "culture" of the latter kind. If Fleming had looked deeper into the "New England sages" (from whom Hawthorne stuck out like sense in Congress), he would have found the real origins of the adversary culture he so rightly deplores.

Andrew Albers
Kokomo, Ind.

It is a pity that Thomas Fleming's plea for the cultural superiority of the South could not restrain itself from a vicious and unprincipled attack on the unified nation made possible by the South's defeat. Fleming mistakenly maintains that the moral and intellectual confusion of certain post-Civil War writers and politicians in the North was a consequence of the war.

The nation that emerged from the war came into its own as a bourgeois society quite well, without any help from either misguided romanticizers of the unglorious cause of slavery or the no less misguided rantings of Northern utopians. Both held the idea of human equality in contempt and sneered at the free-enterprise society based on that idea.

Richard H. Reeb Jr.
Barstow, Calif.

Flaming Back

Some Civil War wounds are obviously still leaking enough blood to cloud the vision. I did not say that no good books were written in the North after the War, much less that a different and even estimable sort of life did not emerge. What I did say and continue to say is that the civilization of New England and its colonies collapsed. The inclusion of journalistic lightweights like Tuchman and Manchester, and a muckraker like Crane, in anybody's literary pantheon only proves my point. Sandburg is another story—a socialist child of Swedish immigrants, he remained a Midwestern writer par excellence. Twain, as everyone ought to know, was a South-

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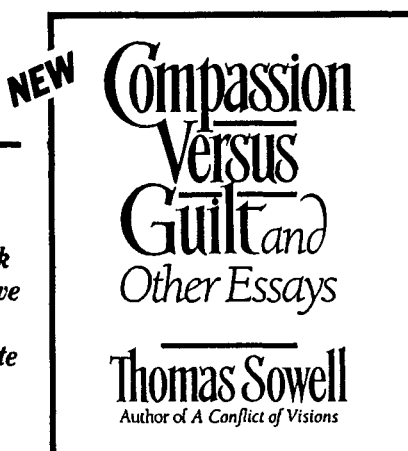
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erner, the son of slaveowners, a Confederate veteran (albeit a deserter), the model for such literary turncoats as William Styron. The one real exception was, of course, Robert Frost.

Andrew Albers is substantially right, especially in pointing out that not all Northern intellectuals were guilty of creating the adversary culture. Indeed, the most faithful New Englanders, like Hawthorne, led the resistance against the kooks of Concord. But the issue is not the "cultural superiority" of one region over another, as Richard Reeb seems to think, but what happened to our common civilization. My attack on "the way we live now" may have been vicious, but it was far from unprincipled.

At its best America is now a bourgeois society. Whether it can do "quite well" without literature or civilization is a question we had answered for us in the 1960s, when the fruits of the adversary culture were being plucked and tasted by the children of bourgeois America.

*Thomas Fleming
Rockford, Ill.*

Profile in Courage

David Brooks's "Good Vibrations: The New Peace Offensive" [Nov. 6] does a great disservice to the thousands of grounded, mainstream people who are exploring new avenues of peacemaking. I am the person who delivered the peace quilts mentioned in his article, and I did *not* cry. I did write an article in which I shared my personal experience—what I called a "connection beyond words and rhetoric, a connection of the heart." But I resent having that interpreted as "a moment of weakness she will never forget." I do not equate openness with weakness.

Since Mr. Brooks also uses the Seattle Peace Chorus as an example, I would like to quote its director, Helen Lauritzen, for an excellent definition of what this new "movement" is about: "The purpose of people-to-people contact with the Soviet Union is to re-personalize the Enemy. Why? To enable us to see them as human beings and fellow inhabitants of a planet very much endangered by the actions of all of us. This in no way denies the reality of Soviet history, governmental policies, or contemporary life. But the . . . only way to deal with an Enemy is with more and more armaments, which leads inevitably to greater fear and paranoia on both sides. This is a losing situation for all humankind."

*Betsy Bridwell
Auburn, Wash.*

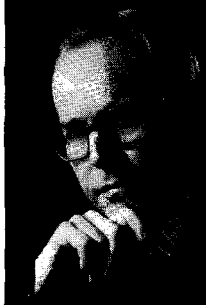
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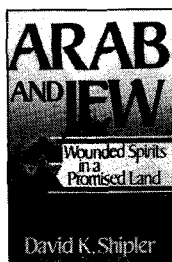
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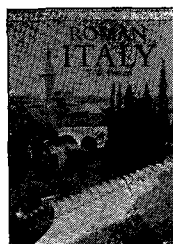
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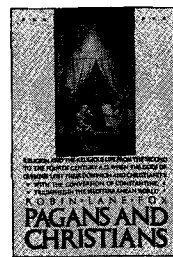
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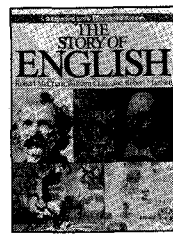
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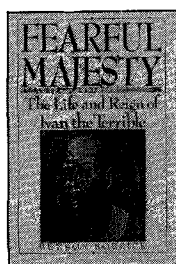
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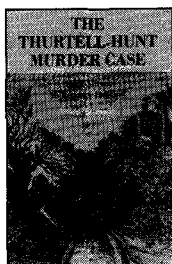
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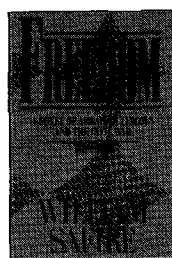
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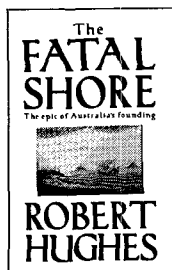
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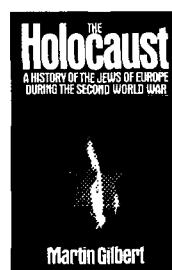
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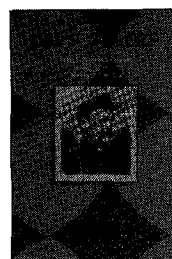
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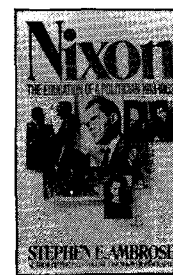
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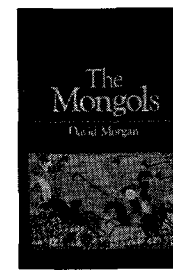
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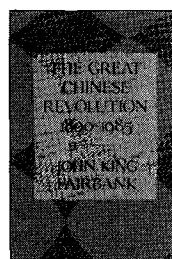
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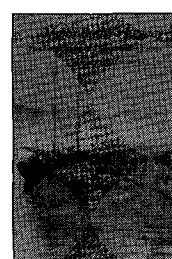
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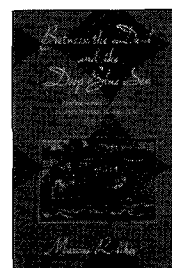
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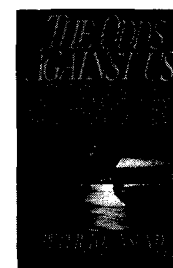
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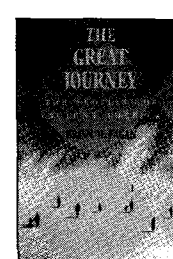
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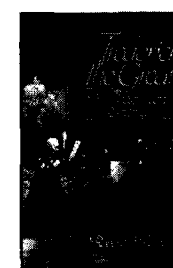
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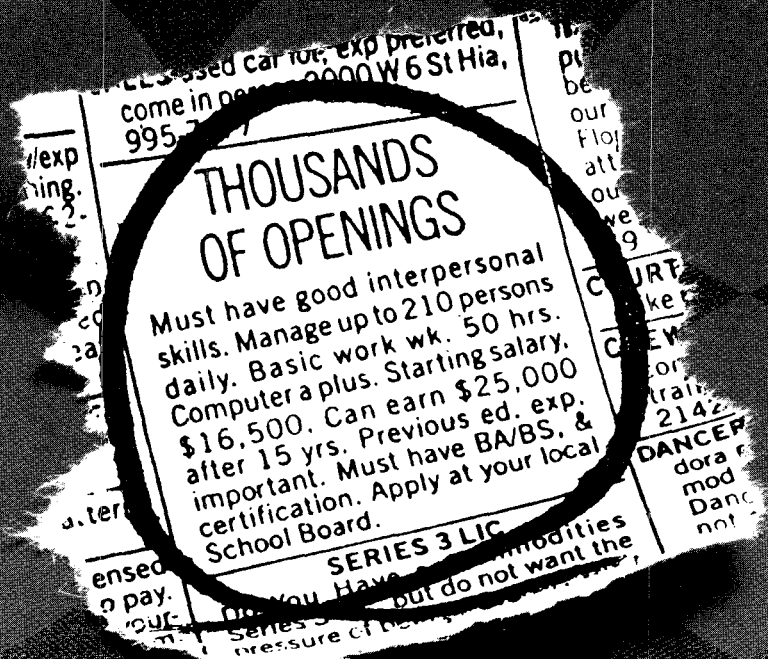
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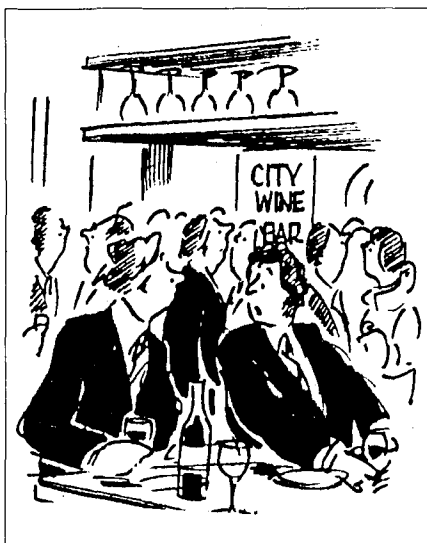
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FOR THE RECORD

Ring out the old, ring in the new: At year's end, the most popular presidential candidate of Democrats continued to be "Not Sure." Late December NBC/*Wall Street Journal* poll (pre-Hart re-entry) gave "Not Sure" 36 per cent of the Democratic vote followed, in not so close order, by **Michael Dukakis**, 16 per cent; **Jesse Jackson**, 13 per cent; **Paul Simon**, 11 per cent. . . . "Not Sure" got only 11 per cent of the GOP vote, which also showed **George Bush** leading **Robert Dole** 45 to 31 per cent. . . . More important **Roper** poll commissioned by *U.S. News* has Bush beating: Dukakis 48 to 30, Jackson 56 to 27, Hart 52 to 32, **Cuomo** 47 to 34 per cent. . . . Hart hasn't hurt the Duke in New Hampshire, where Dukakis continues to ride the crest at 43 per cent to 16 per cent for both Hart and Simon. . . . *Washington Post* columnist **David Broder** writes that Democratic National Chairman **Paul Kirk** has concluded that "the less the Democrats say as a party on the issues, the better chance Democrats have to win." . . . And columnist and political commentator **Ben Wattenberg**, reviewing the pronouncements of pundits and politicians on the Democratic "Six-Pack," sums it all up: "You can hear that: **Gephardt** is in trouble; **Dukakis**, who was in trouble, is in less trouble; **Simon**, who was not in trouble, may be in trouble; **Gore** is in trouble but he's the wild card [this was before Hart]; **Babbitt** was and is in trouble; **Jackson** is trouble."

At year's end the "anti-imperialist forces," as the Communist empire continues to call itself, had same number of troops deployed in field as at year's start: over 110,000 in **Afghanistan** (**Soviet Union**), over 140,000 in **Cambodia** (**Vietnam**), over 35,000 in **Angola** (**Cuba**). . . . **Freedom House's** year-end rating of Free, Partly Free, and Not Free States showed



"I'm worried I'll be made redundant before I'm burnt out."

51 Not Free, 19 of them either Communist or Communist satellites. Only one country in all of Africa rated as free (**Botswana**), and only one in the Western Hemisphere as Not Free (**Cuba**). . . . Small blessings department: For the first time in fifty years Soviet authorities are permitting private charitable enterprises to operate—they were abolished in 1938 lest inadequacies in the Soviet system be revealed. . . . **Mikhail Gorbachev** permitted the parents of young German aviator **Mathias Rust** to visit him in the Lefortovo prison over Christmas before shipping him off to a labor camp to serve out his four-year sentence. . . . The average Muscovite may know a lot more about what's going on today, under *glasnost*, but as of October, 50 per cent questioned in a poll conducted by French and Soviet sociologists didn't know there was a wall dividing Berlin. . . . The irrepressible Col. **Muammar Qaddafi** is demanding reparations from Italy for Italy's occupation of Libya (1912 to 1942), suggesting cession of the five small Tremiti Islands in the Adriatic Sea. . . . The radical *Guardian* has yet to recover from **Margaret Thatch-**

er's victory in the last British elections: "So where," it asks, "did it all go wrong and why do the British people keep electing such a reactionary and thoroughly nasty leader?" . . . A large part of the European press called the Irangate hearings, when they finally wound to a halt, superfluous theater. "What on earth have all the weeks of testimony proved?" asked the liberal London *Guardian*. And the equally liberal *Le Monde* commented: "Congress could have won a lot from the process, but was unable to score even one point." . . . Bicentennial celebrations did not please chronic crank **Ralph Nader**: "The stomachs of **Thomas Jefferson** and **James Madison** would have been turned had they been there." Nader was particularly miffed that organizers failed to include a parade float recognizing the spirit of protest and dissent. . . . The **Helen Caldicott** Leadership Mother's Day Award for Women Against Nuclear Disaster went to **John Lennon's** widow, **Yoko Ono**, for exemplifying "the woman who has integrated her life, her art, and her political convictions."

Attention conservative journalists. Applications deadline for Publius Fellows six-week summer course (June 27–August 5) in political journalism for college seniors and graduate students is March 15. Fellows receive \$2,000 plus up to \$500 in travel expenses and free lodging. The sponsor is Public Research, Syndicated, the journalistic arm of the Claremont Institute. Write Publius Fellows Program, Public Research, Syndicated, 4650 Arrow Highway, Suite D-7, Montclair, Calif. 91763. . . . Applications deadline for National Journalism Center's 12-week spring internship session is January 22. Each student receives a stipend of \$100 a week, practical training in research, writing, and editing, plus work experience with conservative journals and journalists in Washington. Write **M. Stanton Evans**, **Chris Warden** or **Mel Kline** at 517 2nd St., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002.

Adieu top hat and tails. The Tailors' Council of America, unable to find a single current male movie star worthy of its yearly best-dressed award, has decided to give it posthumously to **Cary Grant**.

THE WEEK

□ Police report that when Squeaky Fromme was apprehended, she was heading for New Hampshire to register in the Democratic primary.

□ Joke time. "He's thrown his pants into the ring." "Win one for the Zipper." "The most important politician to be identified with Bimini was Adam Clayton Powell." "His only new idea is how to plant rice." "P. T. Barnum has replaced Paul Kirk as Democratic National Chairman." "Stassen for Secretary of State." Can he survive this kind of thing? Not likely.

□ The American Catholic bishops' qualified endorsement of the condom as a means of preventing AIDS is either a switch or a variation on the rhythm method of birth control. One wag has quipped that the bishops seem to have sanctioned the condom *except* for the purpose of preventing pregnancy. Actually, the bishops are by no means unanimous: most weren't even consulted or alerted before the board of the U.S. Catholic Conference issued the controversial paper in their name, and Cardinals Law and O'Connor, among others, have angrily denounced it. The issue has exposed a sharp split in the American hierarchy between what *Time* calls "the conservative, Rome-oriented wing of U.S. Catholicism" and—what? Presumably the Stockholm-oriented wing. Archbishop John May of St. Louis, the president of the U.S. Catholic Conference, defends the statement and pretty much tells the dissenters—the Rome-oriented ones—to go to hell. So much for "collegiality."

□ Judge Anthony Kennedy's two-day performance before the Senate Judiciary Committee was like a bitter pill—necessary, but hard to take. At the end he looked a little like an Oriental courtier, rhetorically bowing and scraping before the reigning gods (and goddesses) of Capitol Hill. Kennedy managed to avoid pledging to uphold eccentric Supreme Court precedents in areas such as abortion, affirmative action, and criminal rights, but he embraced all the lofty phrases Bork shunned at his peril. Worried about civil rights? Kennedy is "sensitive" and willing to "grow": "Over the years I have tried to become more sensitive to the existence of subtle barriers to the advancement of women and minorities," he said in explaining away his longtime membership in private men's clubs. "This

is an issue on which I was continuing to educate myself." Concerned about the boundaries of the right to privacy? Kennedy offers a laundry list of "standards," couched in comforting Californiaspeak, to which judges may refer, including "the inability of the person to manifest his or her own personality; the inability of a person not to obtain his or her own self-fulfillment; the inability of a person not to reach his or her own potential." The intellectual emptiness of Kennedy's performance has a rather tangible reward: he's become a shoo-in for confirmation, as senators scramble to prove that their Bork-bashing was motivated by high principles, not low politics. Rhetoric aside, Kennedy remains a reasonable choice for the Supreme Court. Still, the proceedings bode ill for the future. One wonders how many individuals of good moral character (which Kennedy is) will be willing and able to play horse to Joe Biden's Lady Godiva in order to win confirmation.

□ A memo smuggled out of Nicaragua lists six senators and representatives deemed especially useful as tools for undermining the anti-Sandinista policy of the Administration. They are: Christopher Dodd of Connecticut, John Kerry of Massachusetts, and Tom Harkin of Iowa in the Senate; and, in the House, George Miller (Calif.), David Bonior (Mich.), and Michael Barnes (at the time, representative from Maryland). The sleuthing to uncover what the Sandinistas call "friends of our Revolution" was done by the Council for Inter-American Security. Write to 122 C Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20002, in case you want a copy for your Comsymp scrapbook.

□ Africa is listed by Freedom House as including only a single politically free state (Botswana), but there may soon be a second, given the way these things work (economic freedom usually encourages political freedom). The Republic of Guinea was for years tormented by Sékou Touré, the sadistic Marxist who succeeded in driving one-third of his six million countrymen into exile. The armed forces finally took over and installed Lansana Conté as president, under whose administration Guinea is booming. Conté's first major act, after a year and a half in office, was to close down the state banks, which were duly replaced by private banks. This diminished the number of bank

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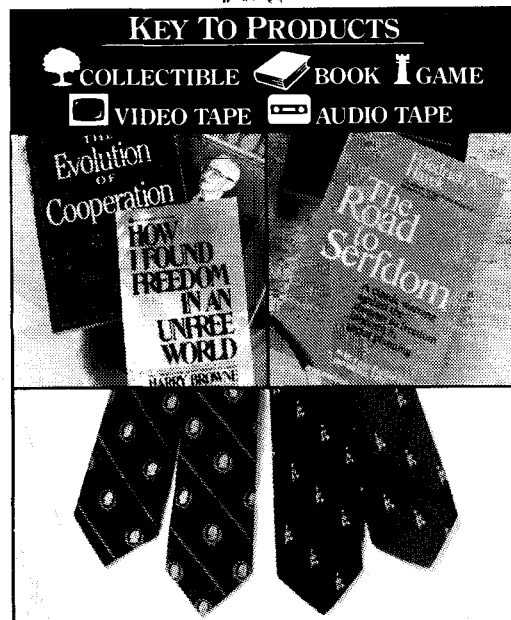
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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE 1980s political picture is fading before our eyes, and a new one will have formed by November 8, 1988; to discern the probable shape of the future, let's look at some elements of the past.

First, the Gender Gap. In 1980, women began voting more heavily Democratic than men did, and in the post-election analysis the phrase "Gender Gap" was coined to describe this new pattern. Despite the presence of Geraldine Ferraro on the Democratic ticket, the gap narrowed in 1984, but it widened again in 1986 as the GOP lost control of the Senate.

Demographics heighten the Gap's importance. Young women vote in greater numbers than young men; women live longer than men; there is a slight natural advantage of women over men in the population. Pundits' predictions differ, but as many as one million more women than men may vote in 1988. If their vote splits unevenly between the political parties, the Democrats may gain an advantage of 100,000 votes.

What do 100,000 votes matter in an election where millions are cast? A look back to 1980 gives the answer. In ten states Reagan beat Carter by majorities of less than 15,000 votes—such as the 11,000-vote victory in South Carolina. The Kennedy-Nixon race in 1960 is an even more worrisome example: Kennedy beat the incumbent Vice President by a margin of a few

thousand votes around the whole country. Remember that the arithmetic of the Electoral College is unforgiving. A margin of one vote is sufficient to deliver a state's entire Electoral College vote. It takes 270 Electoral College votes to win, and in a close election women's apparent preference for Democrats could tip the scales.

So much for the Gender Gap. Next is the question of whether Election 1988 will be seminal. Between 1936 and 1980, most Americans identified themselves as Democrats, but since 1980 the split has been almost even. The question being asked by political analysts here in both parties is whether 1988 will be a watershed: i.e., whether either party will become clearly dominant or—the greater likelihood—whether a new era of political competitiveness will begin, which may well endure for the rest of the century. By winning majorities among union households, Catholics, and Southerners, Reagan shattered the New Deal coalition in 1980. This year will show to what extent these voters have really left the Democratic Party.

In both parties, the primary contests will be vital affairs. Candidates with varied résumés and backgrounds, and of distinct generations, are running in each party. They all know that 1988 will be the most competitive election in recent political history. They all also know that each party, in searching for a post-Reagan or a post-New Deal identity, is split. Democrats are splintered between traditional liberals like Paul Simon and New Democrats like Albert Gore and Gary Hart. This fissure was first created by Hart in

1984 when he ran against party-insider Mondale, and it remains open. Will the Democrats nominate another candidate from the mold of FDR or, in a bid to reassert themselves, break that mold? Republicans, meanwhile, are torn between the more centrist mainstream and the ideological right wing of the party. Here the Bush-Robertson contrast frames the Republican Party's post-Reagan polarity.

Pat Robertson's preacher-cum-politician candidacy has drawn evangelical masses into the local GOP machinery and, in state after state, is upsetting party traditionalists. If Robertson captures the nomination (very improbable), or if he wins enough delegates to broker votes at the convention (implausible but not inconceivable), he may dictate terms that will put the GOP far to the right on social and religious issues. The bellwether is the South. On Super Tuesday, that region will cast most of the votes needed to determine who will win the nomination in each party. Pre-Super Tuesday front-runners are credit-card millionaires; post-Super Tuesday front-runners will have their millions in the bank.

The trend to watch is crossover voting. In many Southern primary states, voters don't need to register Republican or Democratic to vote for a candidate from either party. A lively turnout for both parties will signal political competitiveness in the South, which in turn will point to a hot contest nationally come autumn.

For these reasons, 1988's primaries promise to be enthralling harbingers of a new political era. This is an election to watch. —CATO

employees from four thousand to 450. The same thing was done to the state-owned cigarette factory—employees down from 1,500 to 87. The government payroll is down from 95,000 to 67,000 and falling. Guinean officials hope that private enterprise will take up the slack, offering useful employment in place of bureaucratic padding. Coffee production is up 250 tons to 9,000; the number of cars on the road has doubled. The Guinean Secretary of Trade puts it all modestly: "What Margaret Thatcher accomplished in eight years is only one-quarter of what we have done in two years."

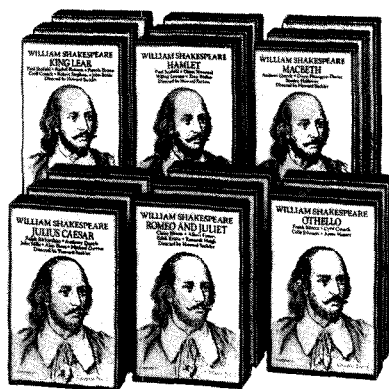
□ Before the historic elections in South Korea took place, the question among opponents of the current government was which of the opposition candidates

would win—Kim, or Kim? Answer: matter of fact, neither. With an impressive 90 per cent voter turnout, the Korean people decided that the reins of power belonged in the hands of the government candidate, Roh Tae Woo. Roh garnered 37 per cent of the vote against 26.7 per cent for the moderate candidate, Kim Young Sam, and 26.1 per cent for the fire-breathing Kim Dae Jung. Both Kims immediately claimed voter fraud, but even Representative Stephen Solarz concedes that the elections were relatively free and fair. "From time to time electoral chicanery has even taken place in Brooklyn," notes Solarz. No kidding. Even in defeat, the two Kims emerge as big winners: the democracy they have long championed has taken root in South Korea—provided, that is, they now work within the new system, rather than seeking to overthrow

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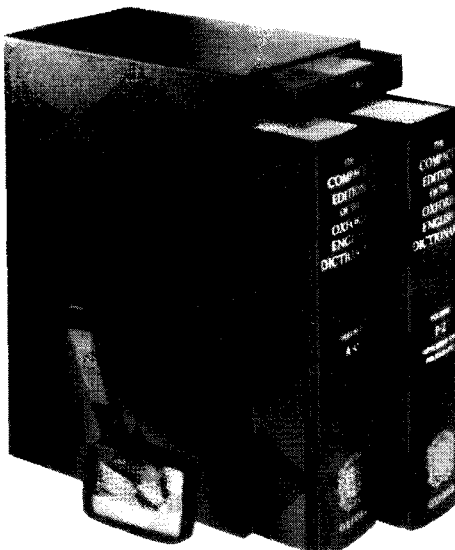
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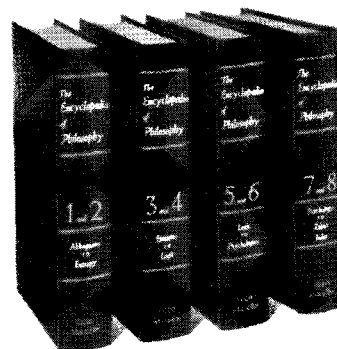


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the duly elected government. With that caveat, add South Korea to the list of nations that have embraced democracy on Ronald Reagan's watch.

□ A French newsweekly reports that the Ayatollah Khomeini will have brain surgery in Vienna to remove a tumor. Iran denies the story, possibly because it explains too much.

□ Great were the huzzahs on April 17, 1980, when the Union Jack was hauled down in Salisbury, Rhodesia, ending ninety years of white rule. Robert Mugabe, Zimbabwe's new leader, was a moderate who would avoid the excesses of earlier black liberators in Africa; he would abide by the new constitution and make it possible for whites to remain in Zimbabwe and to prosper. After all (as everyone assured everyone else) he needed those white farmers, technicians, and managers to keep the economy perking. For a while he did let the whites alone. He had other, more immediate aims, namely the destruction of his most powerful rival, Joshua Nkomo. There ensued a reign of terror in Matabeleland, home of Nkomo's Ndebele tribe. Nkomo was stripped of office and hounded into exile; his followers took to the bush. Meanwhile, Mugabe secured his flanks in other ways. He slapped on censorship of the press, took over the radio stations, intimidated the judiciary, turned a blind eye to police brutalities. He abolished the provision in the constitution that would have ensured white representation in the parliament for ten years as he consolidated his personal power. Last week the final brick fell into place. He signed an agreement with the now powerless Nkomo to merge their parties. This clears the way for Mugabe to replace President Canaan Banana (cq.) in the forthcoming election. The name of the new party is the Zimbabwe African National Union (Patriotic Front), which happens also to be the name of Mugabe's old party. It took him seven years, but Mugabe now has what he has wanted all along, a one-party state with himself as its paramount leader.

□ In case you have doubts about *glasnost*, consider this amazing self-assessment by Mikhail Gorbachev: "Wealth and Power . . . are increasingly concentrated in the hands of a few. Militarism expands boundlessly and strives gradually to seize the levers of political power as well. It becomes the ugliest and most dangerous monster of the twentieth century." Oops—sorry. That wasn't Gorbachev's self-assessment. It was his description of conditions "in the West, and especially in the United States."

□ Featured in the October issue of the *Journal of Defense and Diplomacy*: an important new study of the effects of U.S. economic sanctions against South Africa. The conclusion: Sanctions have only driven black South Africans further into poverty and weak-

Back Up to Strength

Heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
It's off with Hart they go,
As correspondents dig, dig, dig,
With a heigh, heigh-ho. (Heigh-ho!)
Heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
With Donna Rice in tow,
They positively don't belong,
With a heigh, heigh-ho.

W. H. VON DREELE

ened the possibility of a peaceful resolution of that country's political problems. According to Margaret M. Hunt and Chester A. Nagle, thousands of black South Africans have lost their jobs as a result of sanctions, which have targeted labor-intensive industries (primarily agriculture). For these blacks, as for their tens of thousands of dependents, America's decision to punish South Africa is the product not of her concern for, but of her indifference to, black suffering. That's not only too bad for them, it's too bad for us, say Hunt and Nagle, since the imposition of sanctions has produced no corresponding increase in U.S. credibility among black South Africans. And, worst of all, the U.S. economic offensive against our former ally has seriously undermined American influence among whites in that country, who now understand how willing American politicians are to sell out their friends in order to please their constituencies. Sooner or later, change will come in South Africa, say Hunt and Nagle, but "increasing or decreasing sanctions will greatly influence whether or not [that change] will take place in an environment of privation, bloodshed, and repression, or an environment of prosperity, cooperation, and freedom." (Copies of the issue are available for \$7 from the *Journal of Defense and Diplomacy*, 6849 Old Dominion Drive #200, McLean, Va. 22101.)

□ Forty per cent of the weed pollen in Los Angeles is marijuana.

□ The news flashed that Washington was dead, and for one brief shining moment, citizens danced in the streets. Alas, the deceased turned out to be the mayor of Chicago.

□ From the program notes at Lincoln Center. "It is also interesting to look at the *Ring* in terms of current events. The most obvious parallel may be found in the Iran-Contra hearings. In *Die Walküre* Wotan complains to Brünnhilde that he is hampered by treaties that prevent him from taking the gold away from the dragon and giving it back to the

Rhinemaids. He tells her he needs a hero who will act alone and on his own responsibility to achieve the diversion of funds that he, Wotan, wishes. All that is missing is the term 'future deniability.' Okay. If Colonel North is Siegfried, then Boland is Alberich, and his fellow congressmen are dwarves. No? Back to the old metronome. Has anyone seen *Lulu* recently?

□ In enlightened Ohio, it is illegal to advertise beer if you are wearing a Santa Claus outfit. Which is why Ohio has banned ads featuring, in said outfit, Spuds McKenzie, who is a dog.

□ The Swedes have drafted legislation empowering animals to sue their owners for violations of animal rights. Honest. Wonder how California will top that.

The Louse and the Fleas

GARY HART's re-entry caused nearly as much excitement as his exit. The reaction proved for the second time what a pack of losers the Democratic candidates are. The question whether Hart could resume his front-runner status recalls Samuel Johnson's remark that there is no settling the point of precedence between a louse and a flea. Or fleas, as the case may be.

It's not written anywhere that a political campaign has to be exciting, but it should be interesting. There are live issues out there: Communism, abortion, AIDS, tax rates. The trouble is that the Democrats can't afford to discuss them. Hart's "new ideas" is only a slogan. During his last year in the Senate he racked up a 100 per cent ADA approval rating. Noth-

ing seriously distinguishes him from his rivals except the things he prefers not to talk about.

In his whiny way, Hart has been pretty skillful. He runs against the media as if he were a Frank Capra hero, while he feasts on the free attention he couldn't have bought with the Rockefeller family fortune. He implies that he is fighting against prurient interest, when in fact it is his chief claim to fame. Caught in a love nest, he intones severely, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" Will we be high-minded enough to ignore the gossip and elect him?

He probably can't bring it off; his strength in the early polls will evaporate in the voting booth and the caucuses. But he should be just strong enough to steal votes from everyone but Jesse Jackson, and he is silly enough to make all the others look silly too. Some Democratic pros are complaining that Hart has made the campaign a joke. No. He just made it a good joke.

Jackson's Emerging Role

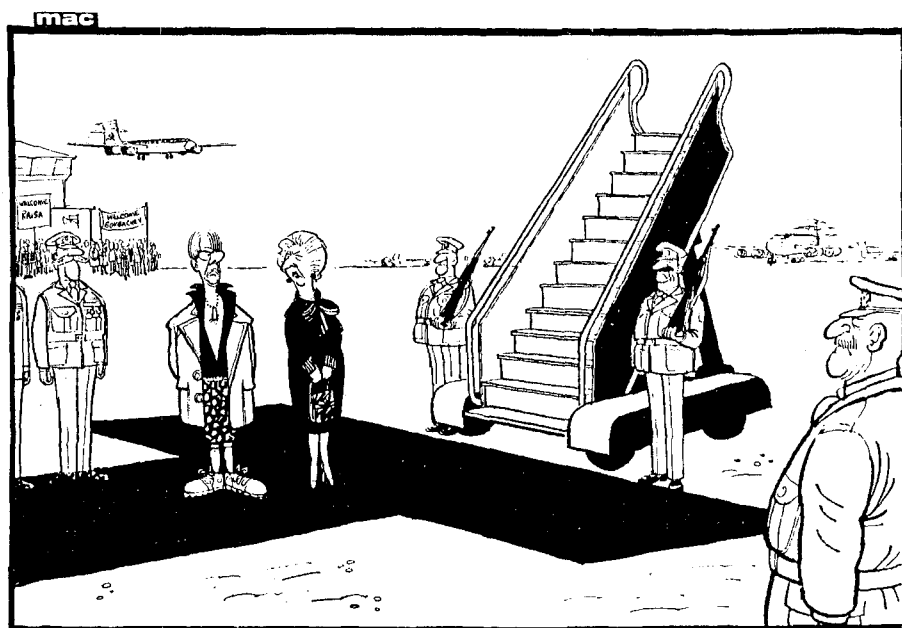
IN 1984, Jesse Jackson's electoral support was entirely black. This time around, there are signs that the hard Left, white as well as black, is beginning to consolidate around his candidacy.

After some initial confusion about whether he wanted it (he certainly did) the Democratic Socialists of America, Michael Harrington's crowd, enthusiastically gave Jackson their endorsement. To be sure, there is anti-Jackson feeling floating around on the Left. Mary Summers, a 1984 Jackson speechwriter, white, disillusioned, and now a Yale graduate student, spoke for this element (*The Nation*, Nov. 28) when she described Jackson as out of touch on such litmus-

test issues as sexism and anti-Semitism, and also characterized him as an opportunist and a windbag. Indeed, one can envision the culture clashes between, say, academic and suburban leftists and Farrakhan's troops.

But Jackson was the only presidential candidate to speak at the April 25 march in Washington against U.S. intervention in Central America and white rule in South Africa—a march that had significant union and feminist, as well as black, support—and he was also the candidate who spoke on October 11 at the large gay and lesbian demonstration in the capital.

In the December 26 *Nation*, Andrew Kopkind, in what sounds like a semi-official pronouncement, takes account of all this, observes that



"Stop moaning, Denis. D'you want Reagan and Gorbachev's other halves to steal all the fashion limelight?"

Mac, London Daily Mail / Rothco

any current leftist movement must have a large black component, and concludes that though Jackson might not be the ideal movement candidate, he nevertheless is—*pace* Mary Summers—the candidate they actually have. No doubt Jackson will also pick up Daniel Ortega's endorsement, but can he swallow Eleanor Smeal for Vice President?

Dump the Dollar?

IN ONE OF the presidential debates, Vice President Bush gave the clear impression that he just doesn't care about the dollar. A dollar shouldn't have any known value, he seemed to believe, in terms of anything. Those bold enough to hold claims to future dollars—U.S. bonds—should, on this view, consider the dollar like a lottery ticket.

Does it matter if the dollar keeps falling against other currencies? It certainly matters if the dollar's decline results in inflation, as in 1973-74 or 1979-80. It also matters if it makes American savers unload U.S. stocks and bonds in favor of mutual funds that invest in *foreign* treasury bills and bonds, which is precisely what happened last October. Some economists argue that any inflation arising from a lower dollar is merely a one-time adjustment, with prices jumping from one level to a higher level but then settling down. The trouble is that the adjustment in the external value of the dollar has gone on for three years now. If it is followed by an equally prolonged upward adjustment in the price level, how could the Federal Reserve sit back and ignore it? If the Fed did, wouldn't the dollar fall even further, provoking even more "one-time" increases in prices?

Why does a falling dollar have to mean inflation? It doesn't, if prices fall in the countries with rising currencies, but that too causes problems. Deflation abroad injures foreign economies, and weak economies can't buy much from the United States, or from the developing countries that buy from the United States. But unless prices do fall overseas, a falling dollar means exporters in other countries have to raise prices in dollars, just to get the same number of yen or marks. Producers in the U.S. can then raise prices too, since competition is reduced. Both import and export prices go up, and so do the prices of everything that competes with imports.

Is there anything that can be done to prevent such inflation? Sure. The Federal Reserve has to keep dollars relatively scarce, therefore valuable. Won't that raise interest rates? On the contrary, inflation raises interest rates. Countries with little inflation and strong currencies, such as Japan and Switzerland, have interest rates of 4 to 5 per cent on bonds and mortgages. If confidence in the dollar is restored, then private investors at home and abroad will gladly buy U.S. bonds at similarly low interest rates. If anyone wants

to know how to do this, ask Federal Reserve governors Wayne Angell and Bob Heller. Or Jack Kemp.

Alive on Arrival

ALTHOUGH CONGRESS has barely finished agonizing over the 1988 budget, the President must soon offer a 1989 model. The reaction it will get is entirely predictable. No matter what it contains, the press will surely proclaim this budget, like all the others, "dead on arrival." The economic assumptions, though more modest than ever before, will automatically be ridiculed as a "rosy scenario." The nondefense budget, totaling \$800 billion, will be labeled unbearably austere and inhumane, and the television crews will make the label stick by showing pictures of homeless women. Proposals to sell federal "assets" will be dismissed as a "gimmick" or "blue smoke and mirrors," though federal enterprises cost taxpayers \$25 billion a year in subsidies, and losses on uncollected federal loans cost billions more.

The only serious new ideas in budget policy appear at the beginning of each year, after lengthy preparation by experts at the agencies involved. It cannot be encouraging to those who participate in this arduous task to know that their work will be instantly dismissed. It's easier to chant slogans than to read the budget. When last year's budget was released there was virtually no discussion of the detailed proposals to save billions of dollars, though they were concisely explained to anyone who bothered to look. The hectic, Rube Goldberg "budget compromise" ended up vastly inferior to the earlier, careful proposals of the Office of Management and Budget.

As a New Year's resolution, let's ask the inevitable critics of the new budget to be specific for a change. It's our money they're joking about.

Freedom and Occupation Blues

THE COVERAGE of the West Bank riots and Israel's response to them shows, yet again, the resonance differential between free and unfree societies—a difference that works to the disadvantage of the former. A few years ago, the government of Syria simply obliterated a Syrian city that it judged contumacious. Reaction and coverage were minimal. Israel responds as America responded in the year of Watts and Newark—and gets covered as America did.

The riots also show the morass into which Israel, as a result of its own policies, has sunk. In the West Bank and the Gaza Strip, Israel has bitten off more, demographically, than it can ever hope to chew. Yet Israel remains, in defiance of everyone's understanding of the Camp David accords except its own, in stubborn possession. The reason given is security. Certain-

The Message from Miranda

The Speaker wasn't happy,
Nor Alan Cranston, either.
The contents gave the Contras
A final-quarter breather;
And so, before adjourning,
The liberals assented
To bandages and band-aids,
Though Dodd appeared demented.

W. H. VON DREELE

ly the pre-1967 frontiers, with a 12-mile waist at Tel Aviv, were unacceptable. But what is militarily acceptable stops well short of the entire West Bank.

America's interest, often forgotten in discussions of this subject, is to strengthen its friends in an important piece of world real estate. Israeli bitterendism helps neither Israel nor us.

The System Works

ONE OF THE cant questions of the Sixties was whether "the system worked." The verdict in the Howard Beach trial showed two systems in good working order.

The first is the system of justice we all know from textbooks and jury duty. The jurors weighed the evidence earnestly and at length. They seem to have discounted the prosecution's main witness—one of the gang of white kids who beat one black man and chased another to his death on an expressway—and formed their judgment on other evidence. They acquitted one youth of all charges, and found three others guilty of manslaughter and assault. Lawyers will appeal; the system will grind on.

The other system is the game of racial politics and posturing, the modern skin trade. One of the survivors of the attack was persuaded by two radical black lawyers, Alton Maddox and Vernon Mason, not to cooperate with the local district attorney. Mario Cuomo caved in to this blackmail and appointed a special prosecutor. The day before the verdict, five hundred protestors blocked rush-hour traffic in Brooklyn shouting, "No justice, no peace"—an obvious threat. Two days later, more protestors filled the courthouse where the first protestors were arraigned.

This second, parallel system was last seen in action during the Bernhard Goetz case. There, the district attorney shopped for a grand jury until he got an indictment. Goetz was acquitted on all charges except the obvious one—illegal weapons possession—but the sentence for that one was unreasonably harsh.

The second system, whose modern Cruikshank is

Tom Wolfe, exists because its votaries distrust the first, as they themselves say. It exists, more importantly, to incite racial tensions, to gain political leverage, to flex ethnic muscle. It is alive and well, and living in the five boroughs.

Robertson's Way

AFTER EIGHT years of Ronald Reagan, no clear conservative favorite for 1988 has emerged. The fact can be explained or deplored, but a fact it is. And the most outspokenly conservative candidate, Pat Robertson, repels, frightens, or simply puzzles many movement conservatives, rather as Goldwater did the Eastern Republican gang in the early Sixties.

It's no mystery. Robertson isn't a terribly exciting personality, nor is he the Southern firebrand reactionary demagogue of liberal nightmares. He merely offers voters a message that transcends himself, and a chance to vote for the sort of moral social order that has been lost. Nobody else is doing this in quite the same way, so Robertson draws in legions of devout and traditional-minded people who don't usually get into politics.

Put another way, Robertson isn't just competing for a share of the Republican vote; he's also importing his own army of new voters, and he has an organization that teaches them the ropes and takes care of all the details, including delivering the bodies to the voting booths by the busload. He is running an unusual, intelligent, and methodical campaign.

What impact he will have on the race is still hard to judge. But the professionals who have to deal with him—especially the Bush people—are wary. One veteran observer reckons that Robertson could go into the New Orleans convention with four hundred to seven hundred delegates—possibly enough to deadlock the first ballot.

Mario Cuomo: Family Man?

THREE YEARS AGO, the Democrats tried to stake out their own little share of family issues—an effort that fizzled when it turned out that the closest family tie the Mondale/Ferraro ticket had was to the Gambinos. For months, there have been inchoate whispers in New York and Albany that Mario Cuomo carries the same taint.

Nicholas Pileggi, the mob reporter for *New York* magazine, took a look at the rumors a while back, and found nothing there. (Sample tale: In 1984, Cuomo's father-in-law was mugged. *Huh?* Don't you see—it was a mob hit.) Pileggi did not dig for any dirt in Cuomo's past as a Queens politician, no doubt because the effort would have been equally fruitless. Cuomo would not be the first blameless man to

rise through a graftocracy (cf. Truman and Pendergast).

No one, in short, has a shred of evidence that Cuomo is anything other than what he seems to be: an earnest, honest man. He is also honestly wrong. He has no conception of the relation of taxation and productivity; no inkling of the sociological re-examination of the welfare state's catastrophes. His rhetoric is fustian from FDR's steamer trunk. By "family" he means the state.

This is why his political career should end ASAP. Not because of baseless chatter.

Report Card

THE HERITAGE FOUNDATION's estimable monthly, *Policy Review*, celebrated the seventieth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution with a long essay by assistant editor Michael Johns, "Seventy Years of Evil," describing . . . just that. All the greatest hits are there, in handy compendium: Afghanistan, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary; Katyn Forest and the Hitler-Stalin pact; the Great Purge and the Ukraine famine; the death of Mandelstam and the murder of Czar Nicholas.

Just as interesting are some of the less familiar events, obscure only because of the bloodiness of the record to which they belong. ". . . *January 13, 1918*—A decree denies churches all property and legal rights . . . *September 30, 1918*—A new code . . . bring[s] Communist class philosophies into schools . . . Its chief slogan is 'We do not need literacy without Communism.' . . . *September 1920*—Lenin demands that independent Armenian government surrender to Soviets. However, before deadline expires, Soviet army invades Armenian territory . . . *1932*—Stalin introduces South African-style internal passports to prevent workers from shifting residence . . . *July 27, 1940*—With their invasion of Rumania, the Soviets violate . . . Kellogg-Briand Pact for sixth time in less than a year. Previous invasions include Poland, Finland, Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia. . . . *June 17, 1953*—Soviet tanks roll over protesting workers in

Pat Robertson Explains

Though he said when he was preaching
He could steer a hurricane,
That does not mean, as a layman,
He would lower Lake Champlain,
Raise the meadows in New Jersey,
Or go dowsing after springs;
But when Pat was still a preacher,
He sure said some crazy things.

W. H. VON DREELE

East Berlin, killing five hundred. . . . *June 26, 1954*—Three thousand soldiers armed in tanks crush a revolt of political and other prisoners at Kengir and Dzhezkazgan prison camps. . . . *June 1, 1962*—Soviet police shoot directly into crowds that are protesting higher meat and butter prices and lower wages in Novocherkassk. . . . *March 1983*—Soviet police arrest 28-year-old poet Irina Ratushinskaya for publishing poems in foreign journals. She is sentenced to seven years in strict prison camp . . ."

It is the tale of a state as brutal as it is petty; as unnatural as it is brutal; as enduring as it is unnatural. Thanks to Mr. Johns for the reminder.

The Depths of Hite

SEX RESEARCHER Shere Hite's new book, *Women and Love: A Cultural Revolution in Progress*, is a shocker. It reports that American women are overwhelmingly dissatisfied with their men, any men. Men never listen! They practice "emotional and psychological harassment"! Women no longer invest so much of themselves in romantic relationships! Their best friends are usually other women! And sometimes they commit adultery!

Not very shocking, you say? Well, consider the numbers. Never mind the questions: the negative answers roll in on tidal-wave percentages like 79, 91, 70, 76, 87, and, in at least two cases, 98. Revolutionary enough for you?

But wait. Some critics are challenging Miss Hite's methods. By her own account, she sent out 100,000 questionnaires to women's groups and clubs, and got only 4.5 per cent back: a self-selected sampling of malcontents, at best.

It turns out that more than methodology is in question here. David Streitfeld of the *Washington Post* tried to track down a phantom employee of Miss Hite's named Diana Gregory. She had written letters and made contentious phone calls on behalf of the contentious Miss Hite, but nobody except Miss Hite and her husband can recall having laid eyes on her, not even Miss Hite's publisher (Knopf). Miss Hite said she'd employed Miss Gregory for four years, having her "doing everything there is to be done . . . answer the mail, write checks, go run and get things, cook lunch, retype things, take them over to Knopf." Yet the book's acknowledgments, which thank forty-odd people, don't even mention Miss Gregory. It transpires that Miss Hite's name used to be Shirley Diana Gregory.

The suspicion grows that Miss Hite's "survey" is an elaborate exercise in ideological ventriloquism, giving feminism and male-bashing the façade of Hard Scientific Data. If "male-bashing" sounds like an exaggeration, well, she reportedly slugged a limousine driver the other day.

The Best Hot Dogs, the Best Beluga: Jascha Heifetz, RIP

ON DECEMBER 10, 1987, Jascha Heifetz died at the age of 86. Newspapers reported his death on the front page; good-music stations interrupted regular programming to play his recordings. Even Dan Rather, Tom Brokaw, and Peter Jennings headlined their obituaries of him. Heifetz's death was big news. Why? Because he was the greatest violinist of the century; many knowledgeable critics believe he was the greatest since the instrument was invented.

There were leitmotifs, in those obituaries, about his demanding character, his personal aloofness, his impeccably formal stage demeanor that never revealed a trace of passion.

About his greatness, there is no argument; about his aloofness and lack of passion—well, perhaps. I criss-crossed the country with him for three years as his tour manager. No man is a hero to his valet, if he has one; no artist a secret to his tour manager, if he has one of those. Heifetz had, because for years he was the biggest box-office attraction in the entire musical world.

We began our association on a Union Pacific train from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City. As we dined, he went over a list of dos and don'ts, including an admonition: I was never to tell him he had given a "nice concert."

At Salt Lake, he played the Beethoven concerto with the Utah Symphony. I said nothing. From Salt Lake we went to Denver, where he played the Tchaikovsky with the Denver Orchestra. Again, I said nothing. Our third stop was Beaumont, Texas. After the concert we were waiting for supper when he turned to me.

"Don't you like music?" he asked.

"I love it!" was my quick reply.

"But you never say anything." I reminded him of his remark. "Oh, well," he answered, "everyone likes to know if someone really enjoys a performance." He broke into a grin.

Once, in New York, at a grand party after he played the Mendelssohn with the New York Philharmonic, I noticed a buffet table with only two dishes, enormous bowls of caviar, and platters of hot dogs. "My two favorite dishes," he exclaimed. "I never get enough. Of course, both must be the best."

Brooks Smith, his last accompanist, played his first concert with Heifetz over twenty years ago in Syracuse, New York, during a blizzard. The program included the Richard Strauss sonata, a work Heifetz championed even though he was physically attacked for playing it once in Israel. When the sonata was finished, the two men embraced backstage before bowing, two musicians elated because they had made mu-

sic together. I had to push them out to acknowledge the applause. Later we rushed our way to a train for Chicago. Heifetz woke up the club-car porter to fetch drinks. "This is a celebration," he said. "To music!"

Impeccable, yes; aloof, sometimes; cold—well, we had a bad disagreement once, in the middle of his last tour. For almost six weeks we went about our respective tasks politely and professionally. I was upset; so, it turned out, was he. Nothing was said until the day he sailed for Europe, when, almost as an afterthought, he handed me a parcel. It contained a briefcase accompanied by a handwritten note: "Dear Schuyler: Let bygones be bygones, and so too 'forgive and forget'—with affectionate good wishes for bigger and better adventures. Jascha Heifetz."

He gave me—he gave us all—bigger and better adventures every time he performed; thanks to recordings, those adventures will never perish. Mr. Heifetz, wherever you are—beluga, hot dogs, and our love be with you.

—SCHUYLER CHAPIN

NOTES & ASIDES

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

There they go again! The following is from the November 23 issue of *People* magazine:

BLACK TIE-BREAKER: The only runoff in which you are likely to find columnist William F. Buckley Jr. is one at the mouth. Speaking to students at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst, the politically conservative writer was asked if he would ever consider running for President. "The answer is no," Buckley said. "I'm not very good at being popular. I ran for Mayor of New York and got 13 per cent. My voting would be by invitation only."

I wouldn't want you to be President. You've run the country too long as it is.

Cordially,
Barrett Bailey
Denver, Colo.

Dear Mr. Bailey: Very well. *Fiat voluntas tua*: I grant you your wish. Cordially, WFB

□ Sirs:

It seems that while all conservatives agree with Allan Bloom's "devastatingly accurate portrait of the moral greying of America's youth," the nub remains of finding the cure. John Podhoretz ["An Open Letter to Allan Bloom," *NR*, Oct. 9] disagrees with Mr. Bloom's prescription of a university elite, preferring instead the gift of love and the spirit over Mr. Bloom's "nature." Others opt for a Socratic search for



"This time, absolutely no cheating!"

the "truth." David Ney Gardey ["Letters," *NR*, Oct. 23] sides with Mr. Podhoretz in knocking Bloom's "elitist" idea, noting that "our highest beliefs" require reliance on our individualism, our freedom of thought, with all its "native philosophical follies," which frankly doesn't offer much reason for optimism in view of the frightening gullibility of many of our citizens during the Iran-Contra and Robert Bork episodes, not to mention their alarming ignorance of our constitutional system.

In order to resolve all these conflicting judgments, I would like to make a suggestion: that we allow *NR* to take over as our mentor, with all of *NR*'s contributing thinkers as our intellectual paradigms. Elitists, so to speak. As long as *NR* doesn't let it go to its collective head and continues to do the fine work we are accustomed to, "who could ask for anything more!" That way, we can avoid ignorance and be very ungullible, while retaining our nature, lovingness, and highest beliefs. The only hitch would be that each person netting over, say, \$40,000 would have to send *NR* at least \$100 annually. We'll call *NR*, say, the Fourth Estate and give it the power of the pen. In short, keep up the good work.

Sincerely yours,
W. Edward Chynoweth
Sanger, Calif.

Dear Mr. Chynoweth: Passed by acclamation. . . .
And thanks. WFB

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

One who prefers *lexipenia* is called *lexipeniatic*. Could you please tell me what would you call one who uses *logorrhea*?

Sincerely,
Andrew A. Ponaras
Lake Worth, Fla.

Dear Mr. Ponaras: The word you are searching for is "wordy." Cordially, WFB

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As you are no doubt aware, promotional material and dust-jackets are planned far in advance of a book's publication.

When I was inevitably requested to contact "experts in my field" who might say a few words on the subject of election reform I thought who is more likely to have an opinion on the subject than William F. Buckley.

Enclosed is my attempt to give you an idea of what *The Election Process* is about. I am not asking for raves about my brilliance or writing style, but only for a sentence or two about the timeliness of the subject matter.

Time is of the essence. Please—either jot down your own words or initial one of the enclosed "blurbs" and return to me. It is inconceivable that you would not wish to stimulate activity in this area.

Thank you.

Sincerely,
Helen P. Rogers
Carmel, Calif.

(Cut and Return)

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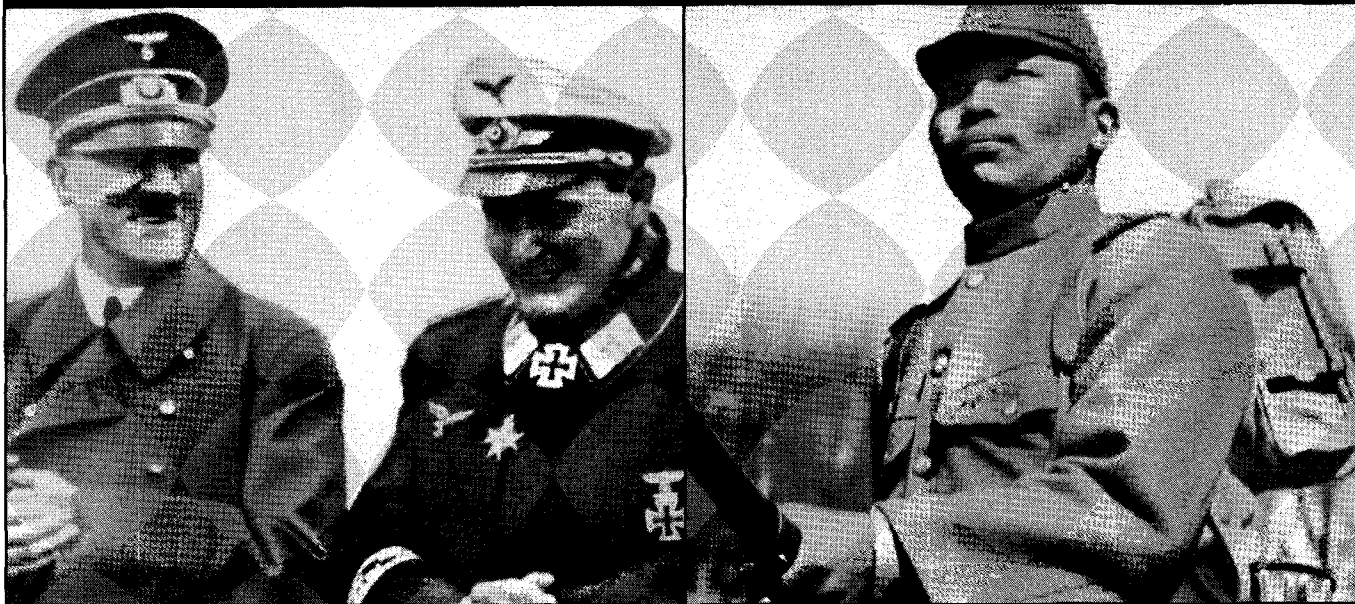
Initial "A perceptive look at the '88 presidential election with the need for campaign reform as a backdrop."

Initial "Stimulating, controversial and creative."

Other enclosed

Dear Miss Rogers: How about: "A perceptive, stimulating look at the controversial '88 presidential election with the need for creative campaign reform as a backdrop"? Cordially, —WFB

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Narrated by
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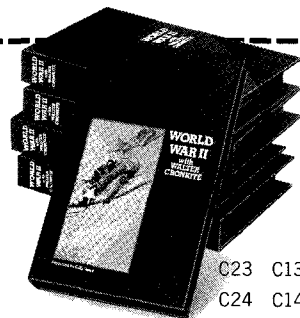
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GLASNOSTING GORBACHEV

RONALD REAGAN is basking in the afterglow of the Summit, where, with a few strokes of the pen, the President and the General Secretary went a long way, in the eyes of America's opinion-makers, toward cleansing the stain on Reagan's Presidency left by Iran-Contra. Reagan's resuscitation aside, America is left to ponder its first dose of *glasnost*.

Any smiling Soviet is a novelty in the U.S., of course, so when Mikhail Gorbachev halted his motorcade to shake hands with a throng of Washington by-standers, he made quite a hit in the hinterlands. Indeed, he showed a trust in average Americans that no U.S. President has dared to display in years. The impression on the millions of TV viewers who saw Gorbachev's spontaneity, real or rigged, will doubtless be lasting.

The most critical difference separating Gorbachev from his predecessors is this: he seems determined to shift the sphere of international competition between the superpowers away from the military into other realms, notably cultural and ideological. Gorbachev realizes that most people answer the question, "Which system—Marxist or capitalist—ought to prevail?" by contrasting the USSR with the United States. "So long as the Soviet standard of living is miserable," says a Washington Sovietologist, "and the Soviets themselves are discontented and disillusioned, Marxism will triumph only in conditions of exploited desperation—that is, in the Third World." Thus Gorbachev's desire to reduce expenditures on the military and to revitalize the Soviet economy is consistent with the world view of a good Marxist. In this sense Gorbachev is no iconoclast.

The Soviet leader is not waiting for the gradual economic progress of decades to materialize, however, even though at age 56 he may have the time. The way to speed up the process, he realizes, is by getting the Unit-

ed States' help, first of all in the form of eased trade restrictions on exports to the USSR. Hence his meetings with American "intellectuals" (including Yo-ko Ono) and business leaders, with a view toward an early change in American attitudes toward the Soviet Union.

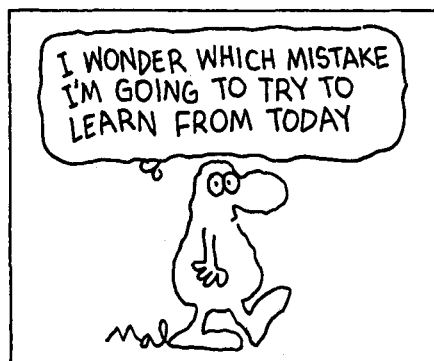
When Gorbachev and colleagues attended the state dinner at the White House, they wore business suits, whereas Reagan wore the customary black-tie. The difference in dress was purely ideological. According to the Kremlin etiquette books, black-tie is bourgeois, and, notwithstanding *glasnost* and *perestroika*, bourgeois is definitely not part of the Soviet reform vocabulary. "Despite profit incentives, limited private markets, and some private ownership of cafés, restaurants, and shops," observes a Soviet-watcher on Capitol Hill, "the USSR is not about to permit the privacy of individual property and contract rights to supersede the Communist leveling urge." Yet Gorbachev appears to believe that the Soviet Marxist system of social organization is more humane than the American capitalist system. This is a division transcending symptomatic problems such as Afghanistan, Nicaragua, or the treatment of dissidents in the USSR.

So we have, in Gorbachev, a nimble Soviet leader who wants to defuse the risk of military confrontation so as to staunch the flow of rubles from his treasury. He wants to stop corruption and ossification in the Soviet Commu-

nist Party from stifling initiative in Soviet society. He is willing to put into practice new Marxist economic theories of individual initiative and profit to see whether they yield beneficial social results. He is unwilling, however, to change the Soviet system in which he so deeply believes and from which he has benefited so much. He is unwilling to compromise Soviet interests in places such as Afghanistan, or to irritate his generals to the point of mutiny, and he will never consign the Evil Empire to the ash heap of history. On the contrary, he wants to see the Marxist experiment rise from the ashes of Stalinism to dominate the 21st century. These are the impressions that one gathers from Gorbachev's accumulated utterances during his Washington visit.

GORBACHEV is a true opponent. The Soviet Union possesses vast natural resources, and presides over a common trading market now spanning half of Europe. Through its support of "wars of national liberation," it is expanding its resource base in Africa and Central America. Gorbachev hopes that his country may even become an economic competitor with the United States, despite its inefficient social organization. He is counting on the legitimacy conferred by the rivalry of equals, plus socialism's appeal to a large world underclass, to sweep his country to the center of the world stage in what he sees as the final eclipse of capitalism.

The next test for Gorbachev is the Party plenum in June, where new elections to the Politburo will be staged. Gorbachev will gain allies or lose them, and the result will tell whether his *perestroika* will have the chance to work over the long haul, or become simply another spasm in the long failure of Marxism to deliver a better material life. □



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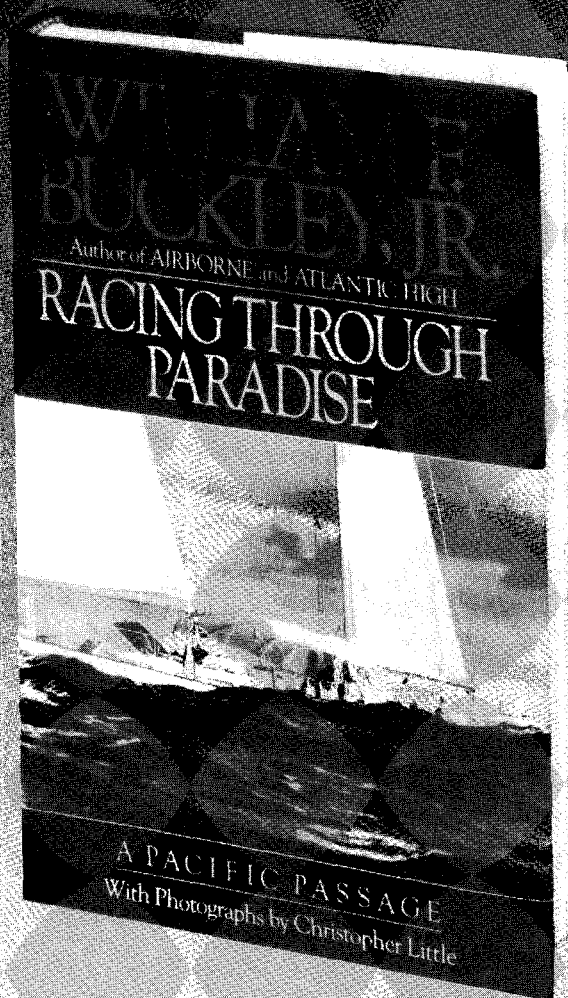
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AFTER THE EUPHORIA

SUMMITS ALWAYS generate euphoria: the smiles, the handshakes, the official optimism. So, after Reagan-Gorbachev III, let us try to look beyond, to some persistent realities.

The amazing acceleration of the arms-control process during the past year is entirely in line with what I have called "the Ogarkov factor" (*NR*, June 5, 1987): the view, correctly attributed to Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov, that the Soviet Union could no longer assume victory in a nuclear exchange, that the presence of the Pershing IIs and cruise missiles in Europe posed a real threat to Soviet territory, and that therefore, at almost any cost, the Soviets should negotiate them away.

This has now happened, and it is, I am sorry to say, a poor way of rewarding defenders of freedom in Western Europe who fought heroically against the tide of unilateral pacifism that threatened to make Soviet dominance in intermediate-range nuclear forces (INF) complete, and who, against the odds, created the climate of public opinion that enabled their governments to go ahead with deployment of a counterforce to the Soviet SS-20s.

The argument that the INF treaty was the reward for Western firmness, whereas unilateralism would have got us nowhere, should not be dismissed out of hand, but should be tested against the net outcome and the new outlook for the Alliance.

From the Soviet standpoint, what has happened is this. From 1978 to 1985, Western Europe was at the mercy of Soviet intentions. Then deployment of the Pershings and the cruises got under way. Suddenly, the USSR felt under threat, so negotiations were resumed. And now? When dismantling starts, Soviet territory will no longer be threatened in the same way. Of course, there is the French *force de frappe*, and Britain's naval nuclear force, but these, though useful as bar-

gaining chips with the Soviets, do not challenge theater supremacy in the same way as Pershings and cruises.

So, the net effect is that the immediate Western threat to the USSR is fading, while, as I never tire of pointing out, the Soviet threat to the West remains, in its alternative forms: biological and chemical weapons and crushing conventional superiority. When Messrs. Shultz and Shevardnadze had done their signing, NATO's top European military officer, West German General Wolfgang Altenberg, told a meeting of Alliance defense ministers that he was acutely worried about the lack of progress in East-West talks toward cutting non-nuclear forces in Europe, which he saw as crucial in the light of the INF accord.

Of course, in the prevailing euphoria, we are told that a pact on non-nuclear forces is on the way. Well, perhaps it is, but it is surely worth pointing out that the Soviets' incentive to negotiate on reducing biochemical and conventional forces, if it existed at all, is minimal now that the immediate threat has been removed.

This brings me to more fundamental issues. The amazing *glasnost* offensive continues, even though it does falter occasionally. The brutal removal of the Moscow Party chief, Boris Yeltsin—an ex-protégé (very "ex") of Mikhail Gorbachev—was a sudden reminder that Stalinism still lies just below the surface of Soviet official life.

Every now and then, however, there is the unexpected bonus. Here are two examples. For the past two or three years, the Soviet disinformation apparatus has been disseminating the big lie, eagerly reproduced in many places (including some unlikely ones, such as the London *Sunday Express*), that the AIDS virus was man-made in a CIA experiment. Toward the end of October, two eminent Soviet scientists, Academicians Roald Z. Sagdeyev and Vitaly I. Goldansky, publicly dissociat-

ed themselves from this preposterous charge.

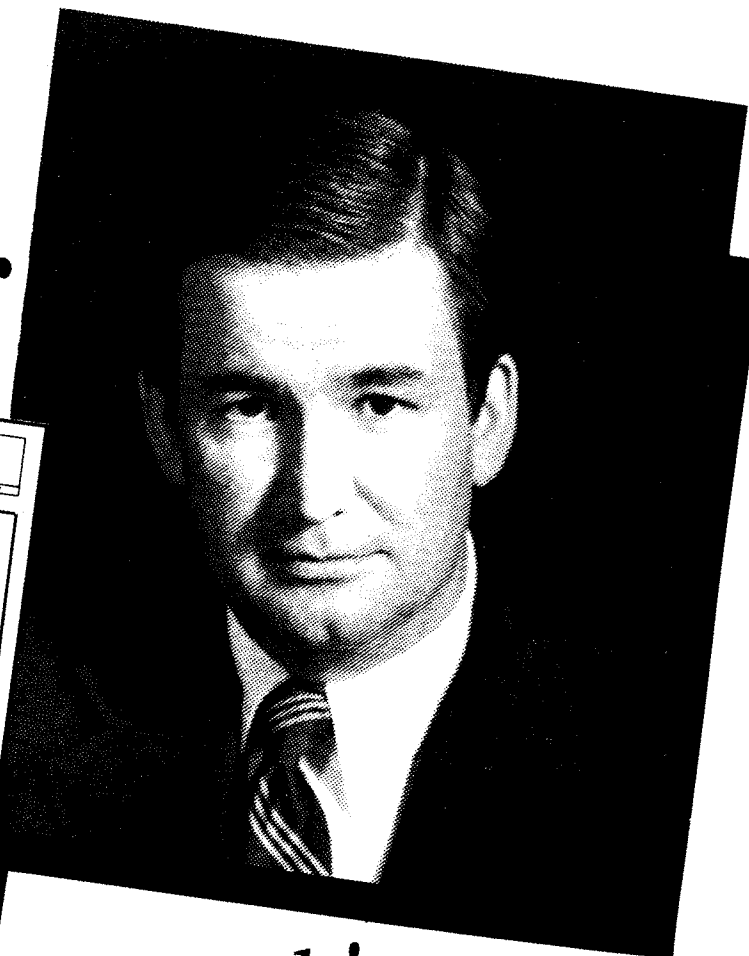
My second example is different in kind, but no less significant. Ever since President Reagan launched the SDI concept, the termination of the U.S. Space Defense program has been a top Soviet priority, for exactly the same reasons as the removal of the Western intermediate-range nuclear weapons has been. Why? Because the U.S. defensive shield, once in position, would largely—perhaps completely—nullify the Soviet ability to strike at U.S. territory. As part of the argument, the Soviets always refused to admit the fact, known to American intelligence, that they themselves were further along the road to space defense than the United States was.

And then, suddenly, Gorbachev, on the eve of the Washington Summit, admitted to Tom Brokaw of NBC that the Soviets have indeed long been working on their own version of "Star Wars." Such candor! Such *glasnost*!

THE POINT is this: my two examples are closely connected. Roald Sagdeyev, the man who now denounces the AIDS ploy, has been leading the Soviets in talks with American scientists on scuttling SDI. On the Soviet side, of course, these talks are sanctioned and official. The American participation, though, is private and unauthorized. The venerable Mr. Paul Nitze, an arms-control veteran, is said to have been rebuked by the President himself for lending his support to the American involvement.

And so, on the eve of the Washington Summit, Gorbachev came clean. The double effect was clearly intentional. The American world of science thinks Mr. Sagdeyev is a jolly good fellow, and the wider political world can see what a jolly good fellow the General Secretary is. But then, we knew that all along. Or didn't we? □

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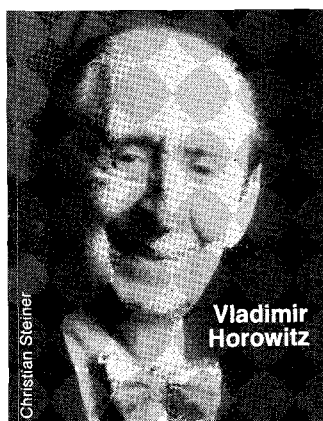
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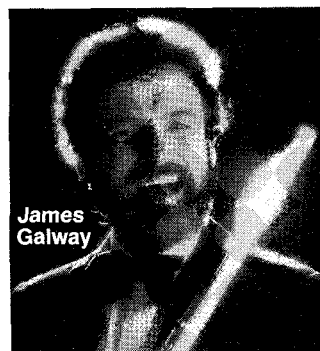
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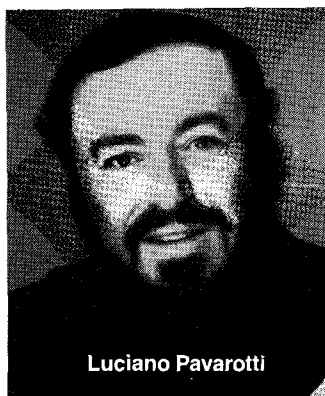
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FOR THE FIRST TIME since the end of the Second World War, the United States finds itself facing a credible naval challenge in East Asia. Soviet maritime forces now have access to four naval bases in Vietnam and Kampuchea. Soviet submarines, missile-capable battle cruisers, and light aircraft carriers have used these port facilities, and twenty to thirty Soviet naval combat and support vessels regularly use Camranh Bay. These maritime forces are supported by seven major airfields in Laos and Vietnam. Soviet aircraft make reconnaissance sweeps over the South China Sea as far east as Philippine airspace. At the same time, growing Soviet contacts with Kiribati, Vanuatu, and Papua New Guinea—and the recent events in Fiji—all suggest that the strategic balance in the South Pacific is under considerable pressure.

To offset this Soviet presence and maintain a deterrent balance in the region, the United States must have access to local onshore support facilities. For that purpose, the Philippine bases have always been critical. If the United States lost access to the facilities in the Philippines, it would have to move its forces to the east and north. Tinian, Palau, and Saipan have been suggested; however, not only would they be some considerable distance from the critical ship passages of the South China Sea, but facilities would still have to be constructed. Labor and supplies would have to be imported at very high cost, and construction of adequate facilities would probably take about a decade—and even then the facilities would not compare with those already available at Subic and Clark in the Philippines. In short, too little, too late.

U.S. sea power in the region is of paramount importance to the economic and security interests not only of the U.S. itself, but also of the Philippines and all the other trade-oriented nations of East Asia. Because of the long security relationship with the United States, the armed forces of the Philippines have never been charged with

sealane-defense missions. The unique contribution of the Philippines to the security of the region has been that of making facilities available to U.S. forces in a strategically important locale. The arrangement thus provided the Philippines with cost-effective security; the United States with communications, intelligence, command, logistics, ship-repair, and training facilities in a critical region of the world; and the ASEAN nations with the stability that allowed the economies of Thailand, Malaysia, Singapore, and Indonesia to grow as rapidly as they have.

Pre-Aquino Philippine governments understood all of this, and allowed the renewal of base agreements without demanding compensation or concessions. With each renewal, the U.S. President pledged only to make his “best effort” to obtain economic-assistance funds and some military-aid grants. In comparison to concessions demanded by, say, Greece, Spain, or Portugal, the Philippines asked little of the United States.

It is a security connection between allied sovereign nations, calculated to serve the best interests of both. That is, it *was*, until the ascension of Corazon Aquino in February 1986 broke the continuity of the Republic of the Philippines. The coup came at a time when the Philippine-U.S. Bases Agreement (which is scheduled to terminate in 1991) was up for renegotiation.

Few Americans seem prepared to consider the difficulties that will attend the next attempt to renew the Philippine-bases agreement. Indeed, few Americans seem prepared to seriously consider the larger implications of the new administration in Manila, both for U.S. and for Philippine security.

Corazon Aquino has been remarkably explicit—if not wholly consistent—about her opposition to continued U.S. access to military facilities in the Philippines. Early in her campaign against my administration, she announced her opposition to the presence of “foreign troops” on Philippine soil. In December 1984, she crafted a “Unity Platform” to bring together all the political opposition to the

Mr. Marcos was President of the Philippines from 1965 to 1986.

established government of the Philippines at that time. Article 3.6 of that platform (which was subsequently published as *A Declaration of Unity*) states: "Foreign military bases on Philippine territory must be removed, and no foreign military bases shall hereafter be allowed." Among those who signed the document were Jovito Salonga, now President of the new Philippine Senate, and Representative Ramon Mitra, now Speaker of the new House of Representatives. Those whom Mrs. Aquino gathered around herself include many other signatories to the Unity Platform, such as the late Jaime V. Ongpin, who served as Secretary of Finance; Aquilino Pimentel, formerly Minister of Local Government, who now serves in the Philippine legislature; and Raul Manglapus, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

When Corazon Aquino put together the team charged with the responsibility of writing a new constitution for the Republic of the Philippines, she knew perfectly well what they would produce. In Article 18, Section 25 of the "temporary provisions" of the Aquino constitution, we find the following:

After the expiration in 1991 of the Agreement between the Republic of the Philippines and the United States of America concerning Military Bases, foreign military bases, troops, or facilities shall not be allowed in the Philippines except under a treaty duly concurred in by the Senate and, when the Congress so requires, ratified by a majority of the votes cast by the people in a national referendum held for that purpose.

By including such provisions in her constitution, Corazon Aquino has accomplished several things. On the one hand, she satisfied her anti-American supporters by making it virtually impossible to renew the Philippine-U.S. Bases Agreement. The present members of the new Philippine Senate are scheduled to hold office for six years—until after the current bases agreement has expired. According to the new constitution, a ratification of any treaty renewing the bases would require confirmation by two-thirds of the 24 senators. A recent survey of Philippine senators showed less than half the required number supporting a new treaty.

The last surveys of public opinion collected during my administration indicated that a plurality of voters—about 40 per cent of those responding to the query—favored the continuation of U.S. access to Philippine facilities. About 30 per cent of respondents were opposed to the continued presence of U.S. forces; that left 30 per cent undecided. Which means that only if the government made a strong case in support of a new treaty could it hope to win a national referendum on the issue.

Given the prevailing disposition of the leadership in Manila, this will not happen. And yet Corazon Aquino will be free to tell her American critics that final termination of the Philippine-U.S. Bases Agreement reflects, not her choice, but the will of the Philippine people. She has established the grounds for what Americans nowadays like to call "plausible denial."

UNITED STATES withdrawal from the Philippines would significantly alter the balance of power in Southeast Asia, to the detriment of the future security of South Korea, Japan, Taiwan—even the People's Republic of China. The response time of U.S. armed

forces to any crisis in the South China Sea would be measurably increased. The greater distances involved would reduce the on-station time of U.S. aircraft and surface vessels throughout the region, and the diminished presence would affect local perceptions of America's credibility as a security partner. Ever since the announcement of Richard Nixon's "Guam Doctrine," with its withdrawal of U.S. forces from Southeast Asia and Taiwan, U.S. allies in the region have entertained doubts about the United States' determination and ability to defend their general interests, which the loss of access to Philippine bases could only exacerbate. Certainly the loss of forward bases in the area would make defense of the sealanes manifestly more difficult and increasingly expensive.

OF COURSE, Mrs. Aquino and her entourage may not be able to remain in control of the situation in the Philippines until 1991. For one thing, the most sanguine estimates are that the Philippine economy will enjoy only modest real growth over the next four or five years. Unemployment will increase and poverty will become more pervasive, improving the recruitment opportunities of the radical Left. Guerrilla activity in the countryside will probably intensify.

The survival of the Aquino administration under such conditions will be very problematic, for unlike prior administrations it will have great difficulty in dealing with enemies on the Left. Before the 1986 coup, the Aquino opposition made extensive use of radical students, disaffected neo-Marxist intellectuals, "progressive" clerics, and left-wing "nationalists." All these groups entertained some variant of Marxism as central to their beliefs, and many of them provided members of the new government. Administration members Joker Arroyo, the late Jose Diokno, and Lorenzo Tanada, among many others, represent the tendentious anti-Americanism and overtly leftist orientation of the Aquino administration.

Because of these political debts to the Left, Corazon Aquino, once she was in power, offered an unconditional



Those who had taken up arms against the state were granted unconditional amnesty, but members of the armed forces of the Philippines were made subject to prosecution

amnesty to all political offenders (see paragraph 2.3 of the Unity Platform). The arrangement granted amnesty to Marxist-Leninist-Maoist criminals who were guilty of murdering members of the national-security forces, civilian functionaries, and ordinary citizens. It extended immunity to leftist terrorists, as well as to felons who had extorted "revolutionary taxes" from all and sundry.

While murderers and felons were being granted unconditional amnesty, the Aquino administration gave Jose Diokno the job of prosecuting members of the military who were charged with human-rights violations. In other words, those who had taken up arms against the state were granted unconditional amnesty, but members of the armed forces of the Philippines were made subject to prosecution.

In consequence, Communist guerrilla leaders were able to become celebrities in Manila. They appeared on national television advocating an early abrogation of the security arrangement between the Philippines and the United States. By the middle of 1986, while the Philippine military protested in vain, Communist leaders had achieved star status, recruited more guerrilla fighters, and improved their communications and logistics infrastructure.

At the same time, the Aquino administration did little to improve the fighting capacity of the armed forces. Threatened with prosecution for human-rights infractions on the one hand, and denied the material support necessary to the effective suppression of armed rebellion on the other, the Philippine military felt compelled to make its

case dramatically. The result has been a series of tragic coup attempts—the surface manifestation of deep and fundamental frustrations.

As the credibility of the Aquino administration erodes, the organized "legal" Left and the armed revolutionaries in the countryside will operate increasingly from a position of strength. The prospects are that a fatally weakened Aquino government would be drawn into a coalition with the Communist Left. That would be the penultimate stage in the progression toward a revolutionary Marxist-Leninist state. Among the first acts of such an interim "national democratic" government would be the expulsion of all "foreign" military forces from the Philippine archipelago.

Should the United States react by withdrawing economic assistance, the immediate counter-reaction would be a Philippine appeal for assistance from the Soviet bloc. Moscow, in fact, has already made overtures to Manila, offering substantial economic assistance. In this scenario, negotiations between Moscow and Manila would probably give the Soviets access to support facilities in the Philippines in exchange for general economic aid and some general security guarantees. (Many of those groups associated with the Aquino opposition before February 1986 advocated just such a policy.) In short, in exchange for a level of aid that would allow an impoverished, Cuban-style economy to survive, the Philippines would have to provide the Soviet Union the same kind of benefits extended by Hanoi and Havana.

Such developments could well presage the collapse of the U.S. defense perimeter in the Western Pacific. In the face of the consequent major Soviet expansion in Southeast Asia, Japan might well feel constrained to reassess the virtues of remaining a Western ally. The Soviet Union has already undertaken a number of initiatives designed to improve its relations with Japan. Opening its Far Eastern provinces to Japanese investment and joint ventures could be part of a long-range program for reorienting Tokyo's foreign policy in general and its security policy in particular.

At best, U.S. withdrawal from the Philippines would place the continued prosperity of the pluralistic and market-governed polities of East and Southeast Asia at risk. At worst, it could mean the expansion of the oppressive system that swallowed Kampuchea, Laos, and Vietnam. One-third of the population of Kampuchea perished at the hands of Marxist-Leninist-Maoist revolutionaries. Hundreds of thousands were compelled to flee Laos and Vietnam, scattering their dead across the vast sea spaces of Asia and the Pacific. For Americans the "Philippine crisis" is an issue of access to strategically important military facilities. For Filipinos, it may prove a matter of life and death. □



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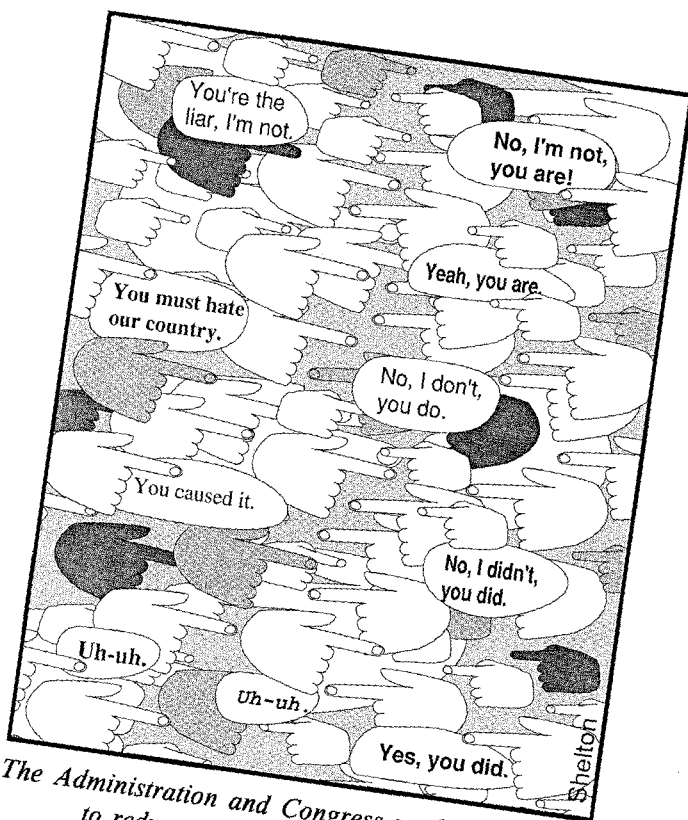
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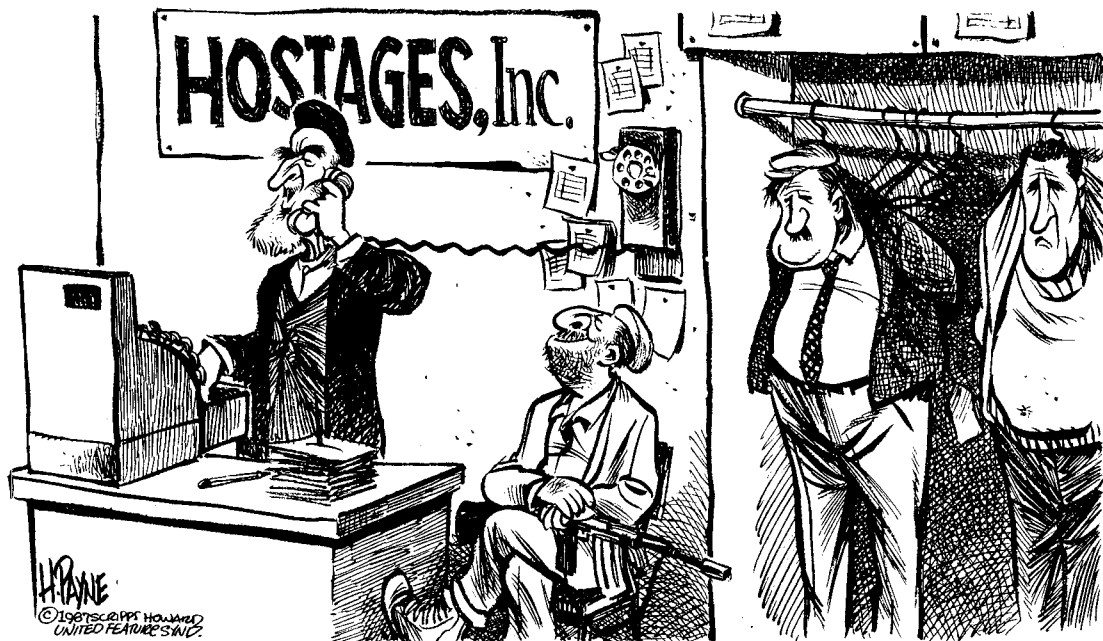
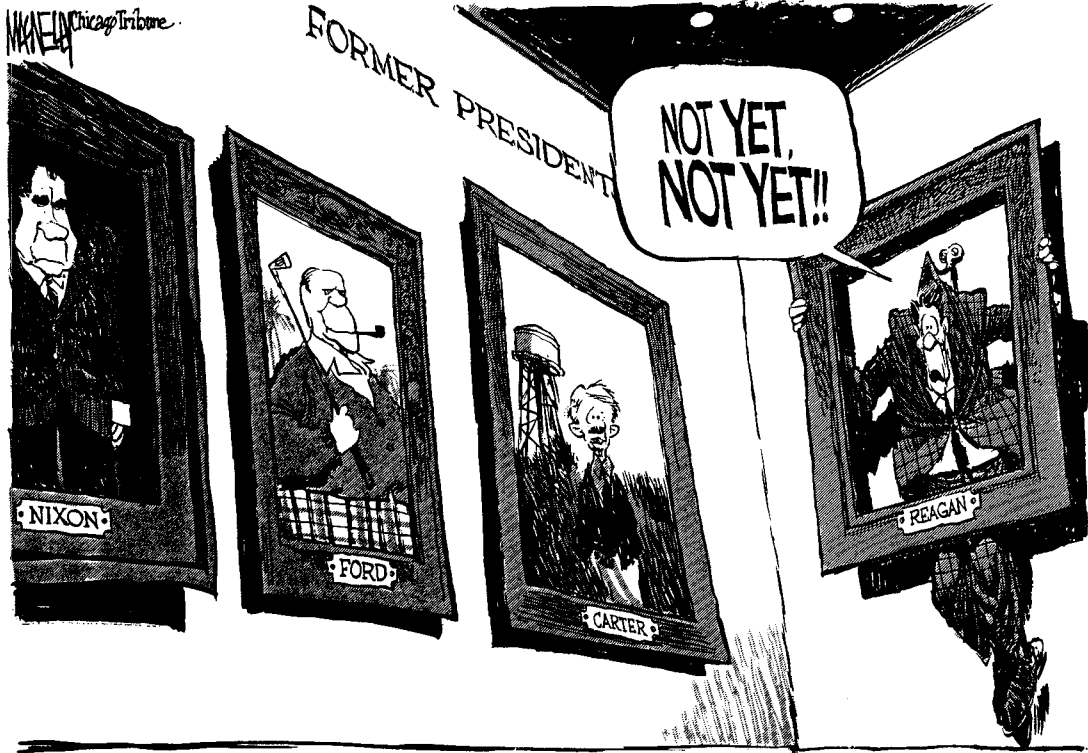
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THOSE WACKY DEMOCRATS

SO, WHAT rough beast, its hour come at last, slouches toward Des Moines to be born?

For his willingness to call for higher taxes, former Arizona governor Bruce Babbitt has earned a virtual monopoly, among reporters, on the adjective "thoughtful." The press, equally unanimously, has given him the monopoly on last place.

Jesse Jackson, in first place, is not running for President, but for number-one black. Though no one says this, everyone knows it to be true.

On December 15, in Concord, New Hampshire, Gary Hart announced he was getting back into the race he had left so ingloriously seven months before. Thus proving that there is life after death, or at least ego.

That leaves the three men who, at some times and in some polls, have led the (white) pack, and a fourth who hopes to do so come March.

IHAD READ Morton and Fred and all those guys, predicting a Paul Simon boomlet, but I believed it when I read it in *The New Common Good*. *The New Common Good* is an artsy-lefty giveaway, found in East Village galleries and SoHo jewelry stores, whose function is to make artists, shop-owners, and shoppers feel socially conscientious. The November issue endorsed Paul Simon, as the Democrat "most willing" to "call for more, not less, statism."

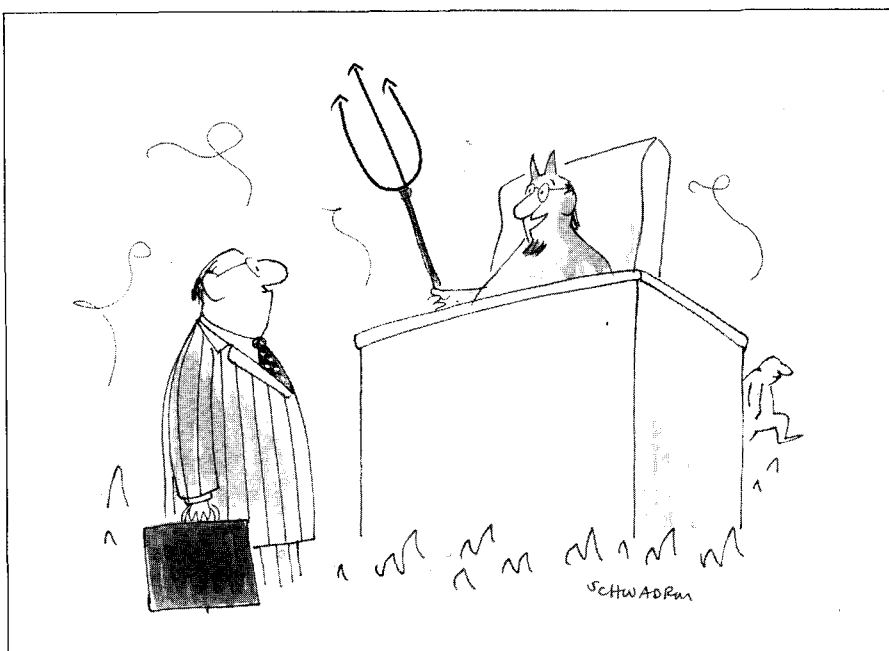
Simon celebrated his 59th birthday with fundraisers in several cities. Margot Kidder and Jackie Mason came to his New York bash, and Christopher Reeve would have, but his plane was delayed (kryptonite?). Simon moved among these glitterati in a dark blue suit and a skewed foulard bow-tie. If he ever ties it straight, his flacks should muss it. He wore horn-rimmed glasses and a hearing aid in each ear. He has pale blue eyes, pendulous

earlobes, and preternaturally dark hair, like Reagan's. His voice resembles Reagan's too, a smooth, rich baritone, though the accent is Mondale's. All in all, he recalled the alien in Walker Percy's "The Last Donahue Show": "a visitor . . . from a planet ten or so light-years distant, who had formed his notion of earthlings from belated transmissions of 1950 TV."

That is one source of Simon's vogue—the charm of anti-chic. But the main source is ideological. Simon told his well-wishers, as chefs cut up a White House-shaped birthday cake, about a recent Budget Committee session on education. Simon helped keep the bucks flowing, whereupon "I thought I'd achieved a great victory." But then conscience smote him. "We'd just held still. America can't stand still. We have to dream. . . . With all honesty, we can say this is a great nation. [Considering the company, a bold statement.] We can make this good and great nation better." It isn't only the accent that is Mondale's.

Like Mondale, Paul Simon was the son of a liberal Protestant minister. (Reverend Mondale was Methodist, Farmer-Labor; Reverend Simon, Lutheran, La Follette Progressive.) The Simons left missionary work in China so that Paul could be born in Eugene, Oregon. "We tried to train him," Mrs. Simon has said, "from little on that we are here to serve God through serving others." In 1946, the Simon family moved to southern Illinois. Two years later, Simon, 19, dropped out of college and bought a moribund weekly, the *Troy Tribune*, with \$3,600 borrowed from local Lions Club members. The young editor thwacked prostitution, gambling, and corruption, earning a notice in *Newsweek* and a moment of testimony before the Kefauver Committee.

By 1954, Simon was ready to branch out. He won a seat in the Illinois House of Representatives; moved up to state Senate in 1962, and to the lieutenant governorship in 1968. His taste for virtue and for PR got

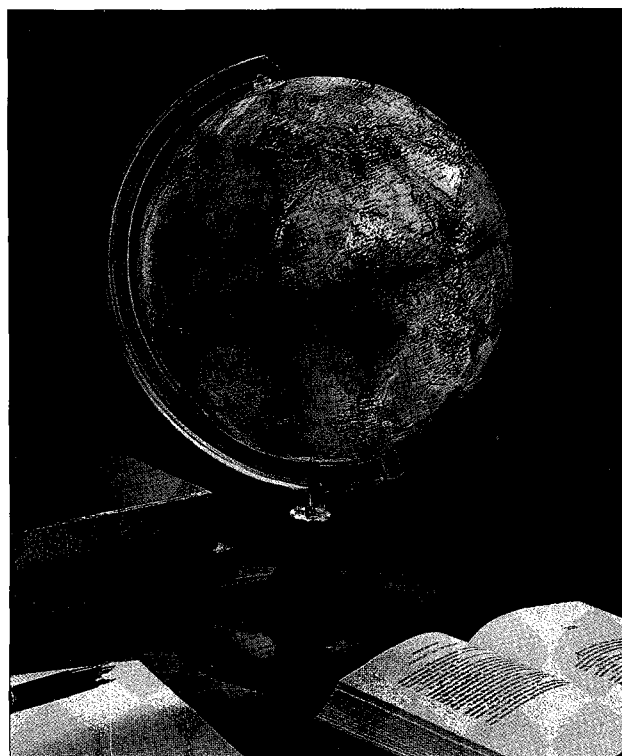


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him in trouble once: a 1964 article for *Harper's*, called "Illinois Legislature: Study in Corruption," left the corrupt unamused. Simon settled down a bit, a change perhaps reflected in his first two books. Simon has written 11, a feat of which Democrats are quite proud ("more than Reagan has read," ha-ha). I would not read 11 politician's books if P. G. Wodehouse were running for President, but I did scan Simon's early ones, on the chance that they might be more real. His first, *Lovejoy: Martyr to Freedom* (1964), was a popular biography of Elijah Lovejoy, a young abolitionist editor who was lynched in southern Illinois. It is all fire. "His was a Christianity of Christ," Simon shouted, "a faith that marched." *Lincoln's Preparation for Greatness* (1966), about a nineteenth-century Illinois state legislator, holds up a more tempered ideal. Lincoln "learned practical politics" in Springfield, "and found he enjoyed it." Interestingly, the Lincoln vote Simon most chides was for an internal-improvements bill that ran up a "gargantuan debt."

Simon's preparation for greatness took a time-out in 1972. Simon sought the gubernatorial nomination with Richard Daley's blessing, and lost the primary to a maverick. In 1974, he came back, into the House of Representatives. In 1984, he took on Charles Percy, and won a fight that was an all-round mud-sling.

"I'm not a neo-anything," his presidential literature declares. "I'm glad there is a Republican Party. But one Republican Party is enough." Simon is running as the ghost of Christmas Past. His liberalism is unrepentant and 190 proof. He voted for the Hyde Amendment, forbidding federal funding of abortions, early in his career, but that deviation has been repaired.

Another, his support for a balanced-budget amendment, has recently drawn the fire of rivals. "Simonomics," says Richard Gephardt, "is really Reaganomics with a bow-tie." Simon argues that he could balance the budget in three years. Reducing unemployment would save \$45 billion (he expects an \$8-billion federal job program to help do this), and \$30 billion would come out of lower federal interest costs. Another \$10 to \$20 billion could come out of the defense budget. "Dejavoodoo," says Albert Gore.

That little defense item suggests the

great historical sleight-of-hand of the Simon effort, the identification with Truman. "Truman-like . . . Trumanesque . . . in the great tradition of Harry Truman"—the imagery runs through his pass-outs like a rash. Harry Truman is no model President. In economics, he was an ignorant demagogue. Even in foreign policy, he erected foreign aid and the UN into pillars of postwar orthodoxy. But he forced fellow-travelers out of the Democratic Party, defied their masters abroad, and paid the bills for doing so.

If Paul Simon suddenly embarks on a like course, he will find himself at some awfully lonely birthday parties.

RICHARD GEPHARDT passed through Boston last month, on the way to guess where, and addressed a breakfast meeting sponsored by the *Boston Herald*. Though one of his auditors had a MARIO CUOMO IN '88 button on his coat, and many of the rest were presumably predisposed to Michael Dukakis, the hometown boy, Gephardt went about his task gamely.

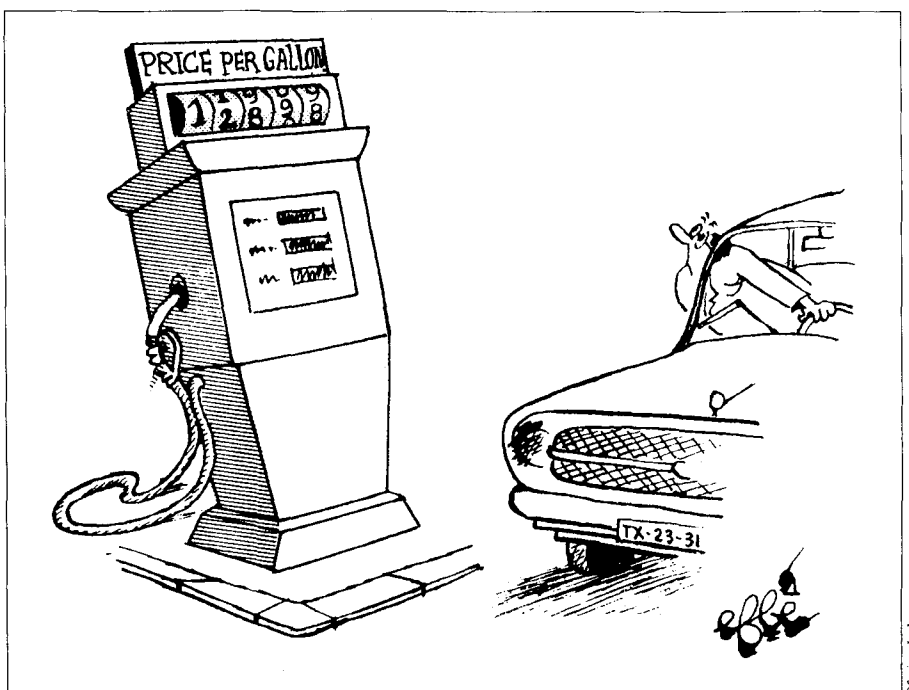
No candidate is more poorly served by the camera than Gephardt. He comes out all cheekbones, like the monster hitman in a Bond movie. In person, the sinister impression vanishes. He is normal-sized, with light, silky hair, and a gentle, almost boyish, Midwestern voice.

Gephardt's pitch is competence—"we need an effective, activist, hands-

on leader who rolls up his sleeves and gets things done"—and he begins with a recital of his accomplishments. Gephardt is probably best known for co-sponsoring, with Bill Bradley, the bill that eventually became the Tax Reform Act of 1986. According to Jeffrey Birnbaum and Alan Murray, the reporters who covered tax reform for the *Wall Street Journal*, he left the heavy lifting to Bradley. But Bradley-Gephardt still makes his list. Gephardt is equally proud of a test-ban proposal he crafted with Pat Schroeder; of a bill to guarantee farm income by establishing production quotas, which he backs with Tom Harkin; and of the Boland Amendment, for which he acted as floor leader. But "jobs are the most important issue of this campaign," and for this, he offers the Gephardt trade bill, a prescription for protectionist saber-rattling. "When you stand up, other countries open up."

Gephardt had been bashing Dukakis as well as Simon for loose talk on the deficit, and a questioner asked for specifics. His farm plan, he said, would allow Washington to save the money it now spends on subsidies. He would also impose an oil-import fee, to stabilize the price at \$23 a barrel, and would freeze defense spending.

He likes, as do all the Democratic candidates, the INF treaty—"it's about seven years late, but better late than never." He supports the logical next steps: a new SALT treaty, strict adherence to the ABM treaty, and no SDI.



CAPITAL IS ESSENTIAL FOR BUSINESSES TO GROW.

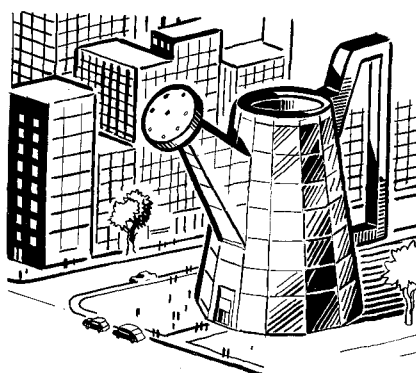
For a business to grow, it needs more than quality goods and services. Or an efficient distribution network. Or a creative management team.

While these are necessary, it also needs access to capital. Attracting investment capital is critical to a company's success, whether it has \$25 million or \$25 billion in sales. Capital, after all, spurs corporate development, and enables businesses to pursue new technology, invest in new plants and equipment, and develop new product lines. The beauty of our economy is that capital for the most part moves efficiently from investors to users. Large, liquid securities markets provide the fuel that drives the industrial engine. Yet some companies have more of an advantage than others.

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Richard Gephardt was born in 1941, in a German Catholic neighborhood of St. Louis whose inhabitants were known as "Scrubby Dutch" (*deutsch*), because they scrubbed their sidewalks. At the age of 25, he began getting into politics at the ward level. In 1971, he became an alderman. Older pols called him "Little Dickie Do-Right." He ran for Congress in 1976, knocking on 100,000 doors.

His early years in the House were seasoned with right-of-center votes: for tuition tax credits, the MX missile, the B-1 bomber, and (belatedly) the Reagan tax-rate cut; against busing, extending the ERA deadline, and abortion. No longer. He changed his mind on abortion as the Presidency called, though he claims there was no connection: the abortion fight, he says, was simply polarizing the country without effect.

To a last, rambling question on the economy, he responded with the basic Gephardt paradox—a gloomy analysis yoked to a buoyant temperament. "Our standard of living is beginning to decline." We compete, with a \$15-an-hour workforce, against a world of \$1.50-an-hour workers. "A lot of people are skeptical we can pull it off. But I'm not one of 'em."

IF MICHAEL DUKAKIS, the absent presence in Boston, has any spare campaign funds, he should give Warren Brookes a round-the-world cruise ticket. Dukakis—elected governor of Massachusetts in 1974; defeated by conservative Ed King in the primary in 1978; re-elected in 1982 and 1986—is also running on competence. His showcase instance has been the booming state economy. "What he did for Massachusetts," his ads boast, "he can do for America."

Brookes, formerly with the *Boston Herald*, now a syndicated columnist, has been dogging Dukakis dime for dime for 13 years. He told the world that the Bay State's boom flowed from Ronald Reagan, the defense build-up, King's tax cuts, and Proposition 2½, a property-tax-limitation referendum item. Dukakis opposed every one.

Brookes has new bad tidings for the Duke: the boom is over. Dukakis's much-touted "industrial policy" has become a "deindustrialization policy." The state has lost 78,000 manufacturing jobs over the last three years—

"this, in spite of the fact that the state now gets twice as much defense-procurement spending per capita as the nation." The jobs migrate to fiscally responsible states. "It's a sign of the times," Brookes quotes James Howell, chief economist of the Bank of Boston, "when we are told that the state's biggest employer, Digital Equipment, now employs more manufacturing workers in New Hampshire."

The state government, meanwhile, has spent like a drunken sailor. From FY 1983 to FY 1987, federal spending rose, in real terms, 10 per cent; state and local spending throughout the country went up 19.6 per cent. Massachusetts's rose a whopping 30.8 per cent. The Dukakis administration, which inherited a balanced budget in FY 1983, has predicted a \$500-million deficit for FY 1989.

But not to worry. Brookes's doom-sayings run in places like the *Washington Times* and *Human Events*, which do not have a large Democratic-activist readership.

AT 38," wrote *Newsweek* last February, "Gore is unlikely to run for President in 1988." Albert Gore Jr., now 39, is not the youngest man ever to seek a presidential nomination. Thomas Dewey was 38 at the time of the Republican convention of 1940, which he led for three ballots.

Gore, a dark, chunkily handsome man with the lightest of Southern accents, first distinguished himself from the blur of rivals at a Des Moines debate sponsored by the Stop the Arms Race Political Action Committee at the end of September. Gore hit Dukakis for wanting to pull American troops out of Korea; Simon for opposing the MX and the B-1; and Gephardt for supporting a ban on nuclear-missile flight tests. A week later, in Miami, he backed the Grenada operation and the reflagging of tankers in the Gulf, and condemned "the politics of retreat, complacency, and doubt."

The late-hatching hawk grew up in Washington. His father, Albert Gore Sr., was a Tennessee congressman and senator for 32 years. Young Gore remembers a Senate session when Vice President Nixon "put me on his lap and gave me the thing they used for a gavel."

Both Gores opposed the Vietnam

War. Albert Jr. was head of Tennessee Youth for Eugene McCarthy, and considered ducking the draft. After graduating from Harvard in 1969, however, he enlisted in the Army and served six months in Vietnam as a reporter for the engineer command's newspaper. Back home, he studied law and divinity at Vanderbilt, and worked for the *Nashville Tennessean*. He ran for Congress in 1976, and stepped into Howard Baker's old Senate seat eight years later.

For a time, Gore was overshadowed by his wife, Mary Elizabeth (a/k/a Tipper). Tipper Gore and Mrs. James Baker founded the Parents' Music Resource Center in 1985, to combat the "twisted tyranny of explicitness" in obscene and violent rock lyrics. (If you think we're talking about "Louie, Louie," listen to some heavy metal.) The entertainment industry, typically, accused her of wishing to set up a Court of the Star Chamber. Her proposed remedies, in fact, ran to suasion. The episode, however, was enough to dry up, for her husband, the kind of support that turned out at Paul Simon's party.

Gore's fellow Democrats parried his autumn right-jab by pointing out, correctly, that he was scarcely less liberal than they. He has opposed all aid to the Contras except humanitarian assistance tied to a "peace process," and he voted against repealing the Clark Amendment, which prohibited aid to Jonas Savimbi. He backed the nuclear freeze five years ago, and opposes SDI now. He supports, naturally, the INF treaty.

Politically, Gore is playing that perennial game of the deluded, the Search for Democratic Moderates. Last time around, I watched Reubin Askew, Ernest Hollings, and John Glenn disappear down that chute. None has been heard from since. The problem is that the voters to whom the strategy seeks to appeal have been leaving the party for twenty years. Jimmy Carter wooed them back briefly in 1976—the lone exception. Super Tuesday, the collection of 13 Southern primaries March 8, will in all likelihood result in a huge white Republican primary vote, and a banner day for Jesse Jackson.

Five liberals with frills, one without, and the Reverend Reginald Bacon—this is what the Democratic Party, by its own free will, has come to. Enjoy. □

HARRY BECK IS P.O.'D

That's right. Politically oppressed. Stripped of his rights to free speech and free association.

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Right here in the U.S.A.

But Harry Beck is fighting back. And winning big.

Since 1975, with the help of the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, Harry Beck has battled in federal court to stop political oppression by organized labor.

Now, with his landmark case before the U.S. Supreme Court, Harry is on the verge of winning political freedom for millions of American workers.

WHERE DOES ALL THE MONEY GO?

Harry Beck worked for the phone company for more than 20 years.

For a time, he was a member of the union, the Communications Workers of America. But he resigned his membership "because the CWA was totally impersonal to anyone except those at the top."

Some of his co-workers resigned, too.

So, "those at the top" cut a deal with the phone company demanding that all employees—even workers not in the union—had to pay money to union chiefs or lose their jobs. They called it "agency fees."

Harry paid up, but he didn't like it. Then he found out where the money goes. And that was the last straw.

Top officials of the CWA were spending Harry's money on partisan politics. Supporting candidates and causes that Harry disagreed with.

"They backed people," Harry says, "I just wouldn't have backed."

As much as 79 percent of CWA forced "agency fee" money was spent on politics and other causes that had nothing in the world to do with collective bargaining.

Union officials used the money to bankroll a political and social agenda that Harry never would have supported voluntarily.

THE LONG FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

Harry Beck and 19 others fought back. They sought help from the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation and, 12 years ago, brought suit challenging organized labor's unique brand of political oppression.

In 1979, the workers won.

The trial court ruled that the constitutional rights of workers like Harry are violated by the compulsory payment of dues for anything other than collective bargaining.

In 1981, the workers won again. A special master of the court found that as much as 79 percent of forced "agency fees" were spent illegally.

In 1983, the workers won again. The District Court agreed with earlier rulings and reaffirmed the constitutional rights of workers to refrain from financing causes they oppose.

Union lawyers appealed. And in 1985, the workers won again.

This time, a higher court ruled that the forced payment of fees for non-collective bargaining purposes violates the Constitution and federal labor law.

Union lawyers tried again. And the workers won again in 1986. This time before the full ten-judge Court of Appeals.

Now, after 12 years of litigation, more than 40 days of testimony, thousands of legal documents and five resounding victories, Harry Beck has reached the highest court in the land.

HOW MANY HARRY BECKS ARE THERE?

The potential impact of Harry's heroic struggle is enormous.

Union officials collect some \$3.5 billion in compulsory dues every year.

They spend an estimated \$200 million in support of

political campaigns every election cycle—much of it raised through forced "agency fees."

And millions of workers like Harry Beck—compelled to pay for this political support—rarely have any voice in the selection of union-favored candidates and causes.

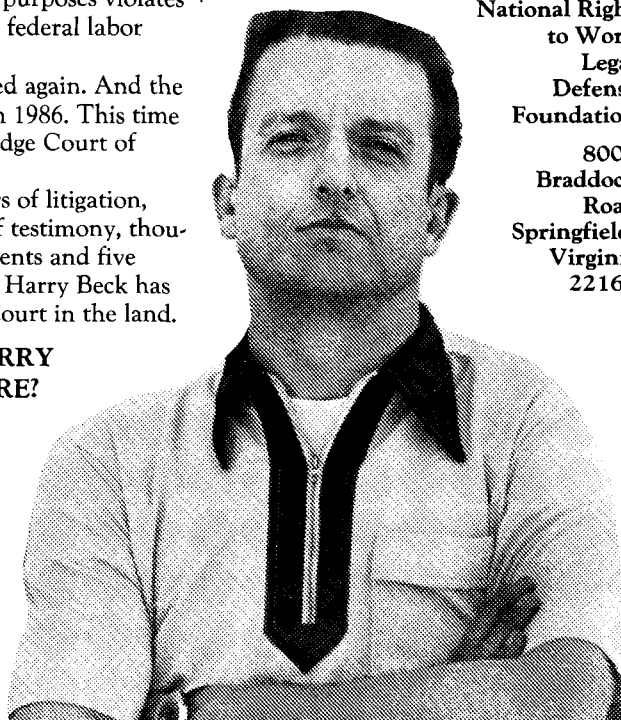
They pay the money or they lose their jobs.

Of course, as Harry says, "It's not the money. It's the principle. The union used my dues to cancel out my vote."

Without the expertise and funding provided by the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, Harry Beck's case would not have been possible.

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PLAYING KING OF THE HILL

ALMOST UNNOTICED, a political drama is unfolding on Capitol Hill. The star villain? House Speaker Jim Wright, who, a growing number of Republicans protest, has turned the House of Representatives into his own personal fiefdom, ruling with an iron fist, a lust for glory, and a flagrant disregard for House rules. "I never would have thought it likely to say, but now that we've seen Wright, O'Neill looks like a moral Rotarian committed to bipartisanship," says Newt Gingrich, leader of the hardy band of increasingly militant Republicans out to dethrone the Speaker.

What is Gingrich so hot and bothered about? Millions of C-SPAN viewers got a glimpse on October 29, when Wright asked his colleagues to consider the "Guaranteed Deficit Reduction Act." Despite Wright's personal plea ("the public wants it"), moderate Democrats joined with Republicans to defeat a motion to consider the bill, which combined a \$12.8-billion tax hike with a \$2,700 congressional pay raise.

The defeat was a slap in the face for Wright, and he isn't the kind of man to let an insult go unrevenged. He ordered the Rules Committee to convene, strip the bill of a controversial welfare provision (which he said had been the cause of its defeat), and return it to the floor for consideration. Just one catch. It's against House rules to consider the same bill twice in one legislative day without a two-thirds majority, which Wright didn't have. No problem. Wright adjourned the House at 3:16 P.M. and reconvened at 3:17 P.M. Zap! A new legislative day dawned.

The bill was again brought to the floor. This time, the motion to consider passed, but the bill was defeated,

by a vote of 206 to 205, with more than forty Democrats defecting. Cheering Republicans called for Wright to close the vote, and Wright reluctantly declared that time had expired. Usually, that means the vote is over—except when the Speaker is determined to win. For ten minutes—the Minority Whip, Representative Trent Lott (R., Miss.), had time to run out of the Capitol building to see if there were any stragglers crossing Independence Avenue—Wright kept asking if any members of the chamber wished to change their votes. As a matter of fact there was one who did: Representative Jim Chapman (D., Tex.), whose election effort was given a \$100,000 boost by some of the same thrifths Wright has tried to protect from FSLIC ["The Jim Wright Scandals," NATIONAL REVIEW, Oct. 23].

CHAPMAN'S change of heart came at the behest of Wright's enforcer on the Hill, convicted slasher John Mack. Mack—whose official title is Executive Director, Democratic Steering and Policy Committee—was hired by Wright the day after he got out of the slammer, where he was doing time for beating a woman on the head with a hammer (exposing her skull), and slashing her neck and breasts, apparently with a steak knife. No wonder Chapman couldn't resist when Mack the Knife tapped him on the shoulder and said it was time to pay his dues. According to one news account, Mack "all but dragged him" down the aisle to change his vote.

Of course, it's not just Wright. Other Democrats also participate in breaking inconvenient rules. The Deficit Reduction Act, for example, was passed out of committee without a quorum. "Anybody who has ever been a member of a civic group knows you have to have a quorum to do business—it is one of the basic rules of operating

in a democratic society," Congressman Robert Walker (R., Pa.) told me. But when Walker asked House Majority Leader Thomas Foley whether the Rules Committee was going to permit such a basic violation of House rules and democratic norms, Foley could only reply, "The gentleman is correct."

Some Democrats are beginning to voice concern that Jim Wright's tactics, and his cozy relationship with left-wing extremists, will eventually boomerang against the party. "It was not the Speaker's finest hour," Congressman Charles Stenholm, a Democrat and a fellow Texan, remarked. Stenholm, a leader among some thirty moderate Democrats frequently bashed into submission by the party's revolutionary guard, said Wright had promised to drop the welfare provisions from the Guaranteed Deficit Reduction Act. But when left-wing Democrats protested, "first thing you know, the welfare was back in," Stenholm said. Says Florida Democrat Earl Hutto, who stuck with Wright on the bill, "Conservative Democrats are more concerned than ever that we have not seen change as far as catering to the liberal side." "Democrats are on the ascendancy politically," noted a Democratic congressman who voted with the Republicans, "so the ethics issue is arising at a particularly inopportune time. . . . All of us live in a fishbowl, so we must avoid even the appearance of impropriety." He hopes revelations about Wright don't get worse. "The Democrats haven't had that kind of leadership in a long time. He has won all of his battles."

Of course, not all Democrats are worried. Representative Ben Cardin (D., Md.) thinks Wright's leadership is positively Jeffersonian. "I appreciate a strong leader," says Cardin. "I don't think he went beyond the realm of appropriate use of power." Cardin was one of the few Democrats I spoke with who was willing to talk either on

Mr. Kirkwood is a staff writer for the Washington-based wire service American Press International.

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And sometimes the *Spectator's* impact has been immediate: within a week after Fred Barnes's cover story on “Senator Jello” Paul Trible hit the newsstands, the wayward Republican unexpectedly announced he would not run for reelection.

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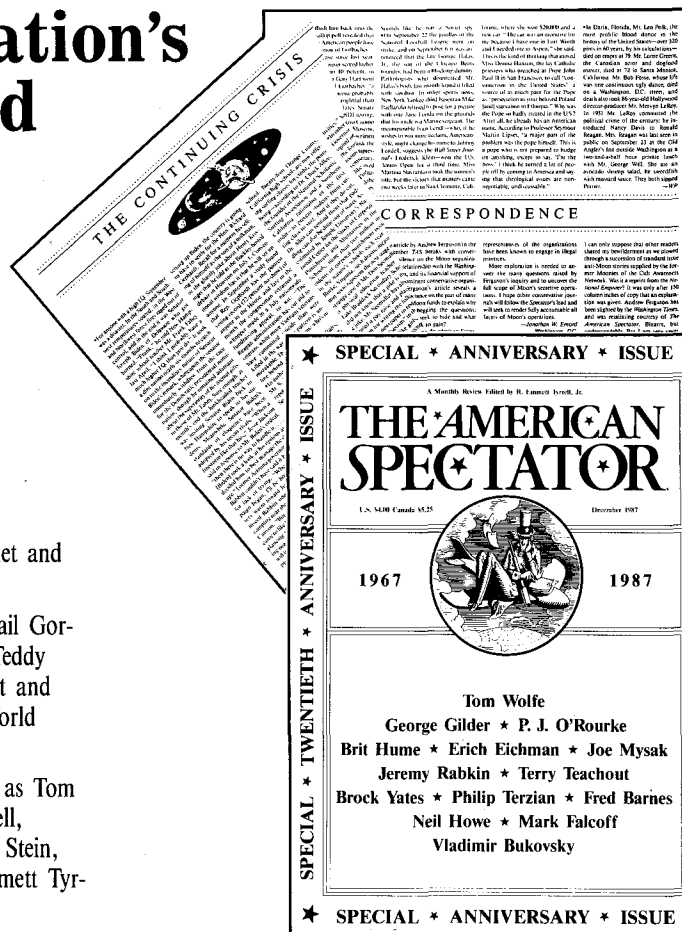
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or off the record about Wright's questionable financial dealings. "Wright's integrity has never been questioned," insists Cardin. "He cares about Congress." I asked Cardin about the charges that have appeared in *Newsweek*, the *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Washington Post*, and *NATIONAL REVIEW*. Never heard a word about them, he replied. Well, that should qualify him as an up-and-coming party leader.

What the Democrats call Wright's "strong organizational skills," "gutsy" leadership, and "extreme personal commitment," the Republicans say is dictatorial arrogance. Trent Lott calls Wright "the most arrogant abuser of power I've ever seen." Democrats say these Republican complaints are merely sour grapes. "Good rhetoric, bad politics," says Stenholm. "They've been out of power for a long, long while," says another Democratic congressman, noting the frustration House Republicans must feel at their meager legislative pickings.

WHILE THE Democrats maintain their gerrymandered majority, there is little Republicans can do to curb Wright's lawless extravagances. So they have adopted a sort of damn-the-torpedoes strategy of retaliation, attacking the Speaker when there aren't enough Democrats around to stop them. Just after the October 29 bulldozing, for example, House Republicans blocked the normally routine procedure of approving the daily journal, and thrice blocked Wright's move to adjourn the House, forcing the Speaker to back a GOP-initiated motion compelling members to attend. This kind of warfare may not accomplish much of substance, but it annoys the hell out of the Democrats. Representative Cardin had to return from Baltimore to vote for adjournment so he could go back to Baltimore for the weekend.

Republicans have also begun a concerted effort to bring Wright's actions under public scrutiny. The National Republican Congressional Committee now distributes videotapes and press releases highlighting the Speaker's antics. Newt Gingrich is taking a more direct route. In the collegial atmosphere on the Hill, it's not often you hear a sitting congressman compare the House Speaker to a fascist dictator, but Gin-

grich isn't pulling any punches. Wright is a "genuinely corrupt man," says Gingrich, so "consumed by his power that he is like Mussolini, believing he can redefine the game to suit his own needs."

Gingrich can pinpoint the precise moment he stepped outside the hallowed confines of congressional courtesy to, as he put it, "tell the truth." It was last Easter, after the House Ethics Committee issued a 1,400-page report that documented serious lapses on the part of Representative Fernand St Germain (D., R.I.)—including understating his assets on public-disclosure forms by over a million dollars—yet recommended no punitive action. Seeing this report, Gingrich decided to go ballistic. Unwilling to lie about corruption, he says, "either I had to disrupt the collegiality of the House, or I had to get out."

Gingrich and his fellow conservatives have a three-pronged strategy to topple Wright. First, they are pulling together evidence of Wright's unethical behavior. If the media give Wright half the attention they gave Gary Hart or Joe Biden, says Gingrich, the Speaker's career is "unsustainable." Second, Gingrich plans a press conference to put Democratic presidential candidates on the spot. "Are you willing," he intends to ask, "in the light of the appearance of impropriety his actions have raised, to let Jim Wright chair the Democratic convention?" Last, Gingrich says conservative Republicans hope to force a series of votes "so Democrats will have to dismantle their machine or go home and defend it." Conservative Republicans will file ethics charges in February and request a special bipartisan committee to investigate Wright's relationship with various Communist dictatorships.

Attacking Wright is problematic for the GOP, though. As Fred Grandy

(R., Iowa) commented after the tussle over the tax hike, "Republicans can't whine that their rights are being trodden upon." Constituents back home, he says, will ask, "'You got a pay raise too; why didn't you fight a stronger battle?'" Indeed, if Gingrich spends all his time bashing Wright, what can he tell the folks back in Georgia he has accomplished? That is the unpalatable choice facing Republicans: cooperate with Wright and you'll get some goodies; otherwise, you'll get a lump of coal.

CONSEQUENTLY, Robert Michel (R., Ill.), the House Minority Leader, although supporting Gingrich's effort, has been reluctant to enter the fray personally. He says he can't touch the issue of Wright's unethical practices because he has to work with the Speaker. Michel and Lott even cooperated with Wright in an effort to save Mario Biaggi—convicted of crossing state lines to accept illegal gratuities—from a stint in the hoosegow. As Gingrich says, more than thirty years as the minority party has taught the Republican leadership a lot about accommodation and compromise.

"What you have in the House today under Wright is anarchy compounded by tyranny," says Bob Walker. Sure, but will bad publicity be enough to bring Wright down? Millions saw the events of October 29 on C-SPAN; Wright seems indifferent to "appearances of impropriety," especially as there has been no chorus of reproach from the usually adversary media. The House has been a one-party state for so long that the Democrats don't even recognize what they do as corrupt. As Gingrich says, "Corruption has become moral."

Listening to Wright pontificate about "real deficit reduction" is like listening to J. R. Ewing lecture Sue Ellen on marital fidelity. Only a supremely self-confident politician—having openly blocked federal scrutiny of ailing thrifts in his home state, and subverted federal procedures in order to funnel millions of taxpayer dollars to his business cronies—could stand up on national television and say "the public wants" a bill combining a tax hike and a congressional pay raise with hundreds of millions of dollars in tax breaks for the Democratic Party's business constituents. □



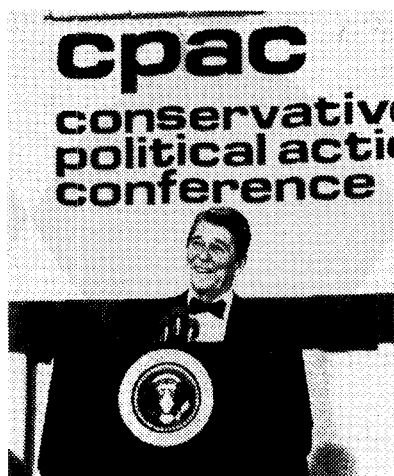
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THE ELECTION THAT WASN'T

Port-au-Prince, Nov. 29

HAITIAN TELEVISION, like Haitian art, is inventive, surprising, surrealistic—everything you don't expect or want television to be. It will present the hour-long buildup to a major NFL football game, and then, when the game itself is scheduled to begin, switch without explanation to a basketball shootout between two Midwest college mini-powers. Or, in covering a prison where Cuban criminals are holding hostages, Haitian TV may spend 15 minutes showing a CBS commentator in front of the jail joking with his assistants and rearranging floodlights . . . that's it, no more, end of program.

Coverage of Election Day, November 29, the most tragic day in Haitian history, was no exception. At 5:15 P.M., the Provisional President, Lieutenant General Henri Namphy, whose troops had joined Tontons Macoutes eight hours earlier in shooting down defenseless Haitians at the capital's polling places, appeared briefly on the government's television channel to explain why the elections had been dissolved. The Electoral Committee (CEP), which had been empowered by Haiti's new constitution to supervise the voting, had failed to maintain "law and order," he said, and had been negotiating with "foreign powers" (unnamed) to "interfere in the internal affairs of the country." (The fact that the CEP had had no weapons with which to maintain "law and order," he didn't mention.)

It was then that Haitian television truly swung into action. All other channels had been blacked out by General Namphy's CNG (the Army junta that has been running Haiti ever since the

dictator, Jean-Claude Duvalier, was flown to Paris on a U.S. Army jet on February 7, 1986). But it seems that the CNG was not quite ready with a newsreel being prepared to document its charge of CEP treachery. So the station presented "appropriate background music" in the form of Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony. But after the second movement, the station was apparently ordered to speed up. Without pause the Scherzo followed, cut to the bone, with the Trio for horns entirely omitted; the long Finale was disposed of—no fugato, no second subject—in four minutes.

At that point the camera cut to an interminable speech by a CNG spokesman addressing a sullen crowd in Petit Goâve, charging that the CEP had prepared ballots there only for the use of "its candidate" (Gérard Gourgue or Sylvie C. Claude, presumably, since they were moderate socialists who could be counted on to reform the armed services). The other two front-runners, Marc Bazin and Louis Dejoie II, had lived in the United States and were believed to be "pro-American."

Poll Watchers

SITTING IN FRONT of the TV at the luxury Hotel Montana, overlooking the stricken city, was a bevy of foreign TV correspondents, immobilized by gunfire. Each had his tale to tell. The NBC cameramen had witnessed an early-morning attack on a polling place at the Ecole Argentine de Bellegarde, a few blocks from the National Palace. Heavily armed Macoutes, joined by soldiers in vans, had pursued voters from room to room in the school, dismembering with machetes those who tried to escape. The crew from German television had witnessed the same scene at a voting place up the road in Pétionville: soldiers standing by while Macoutes fired into knots of helpless voters. Another

reporter had been present when soldiers tossed grenades at the antennae of the Catholic radio station downtown, knocking out its transmitters. The following day Amnesty International reported the murder of the 46 prisoners—said to be unarmed civilian defense patrols for the CEP—that the government had picked up on election day in a sweep of Carrefour Feuille in the capital's southern district.

The CNG had shown its true colors, actually, long before Election Day. It was in June and July that lawlessness became widespread. Cars were stoned in the streets. Supermarkets, emptied by panicking hoarders, were forced to close. In Marigot, a Peace Corps volunteer was raped by a Haitian who had lived in the United States. A French couple on the staff of the French consulate were accosted by bandits in police uniforms and told to drive to their home, where the woman was raped and their valuables were stolen. The government did nothing to apprehend the criminals. In front of the American consulate, a consular official was slashed with a knife as she resisted kidnapping by an assailant who shouted (before the security guards gunned him down) that he had been thrown out of work by the closing of the giant Haitian-owned sugar company (HASCO) the day before. Far to the northwest, in the village of Jean-Rabel, a hundred were killed and uncounted others wounded in a pitched battle with machetes between small landowners and the landless. Again the police/armed forces refused to take sides. For the first time in hitherto hate-free Haiti, anti-American slogans began to appear on walls.

The real trouble began on June 22 when the CNG announced it was taking over control of the elections from the CEP. Crowds began to appear in the streets demanding the overthrow of the junta for violating the new constitution. Catholic priests, urged on by

Mr. Rodman, whose earlier reports on Haiti under fire appeared in NR's issues of April 25 and October 24, 1986, is the author of several books on Haiti and Haitian art.

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Volume XXII, Number 9

John H. Bland, M.D.:

OUR MOST COMMON DISEASE

Despite what you've heard, you don't get osteoarthritis because of "wear and tear," and you don't get it because you're getting older. . . and it just may get better.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: Dr. John H. Bland is professor of medicine and a member of the rheumatology and clinical immunology unit at the University of Vermont College of Medicine. There has been a tremendous increase in scientific interest in osteoarthritis in recent years and investigators are beginning to arrive at a new and more promising understanding of this mysterious and complicated disorder. We have asked Dr. Bland, a longtime researcher in the field, to distill for you some of this current information about a condition we nearly all have and nearly all misunderstand.

Paleontologists have dug up and examined the bones of at least 13 *diplodocus longae* and six of these giant dinosaurs had osteoarthritis. Chickens develop osteoarthritis as do a wide variety of other birds, amphibians, reptiles, and mammals. Even whales, whose joints are spared the stress of weight-bearing by their buoyant environment, develop osteoarthritis.

Despite the widespread prevalence of osteoarthritis in the animal kingdom (and it appears that the disease is much the same from animal to animal), a normal, properly functioning mammalian joint will not "wear out" -- it is simply too efficient. There is about as much friction between the

cartilage-covered surfaces inside a joint as there is between two cubes of ice, and it has been observed that if the lubrication system of a jet engine worked as well as that of a pig's knee the engine would be four times as efficient. This superb combination of structural materials and lubricants means that there is virtually no shearing force between the surfaces of a healthy joint. A surface cannot wear unless such force exists and it follows that "wear and tear" can neither take place inside a healthy joint nor give rise to osteoarthritis. The notion that wear and tear causes osteoarthritis is one of the great myths surrounding this condition. So what then does cause osteoarthritis?

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the left-leaning Radio Soleil, led the protests, and their action, reinforced by a reported threat from the American Embassy to cut off assistance under AID, obliged the CNG to restore the CEP's prerogatives. But this taste of "people power" only inflamed the protestors, who continued to demand, in a general strike, that the military abdicate. All through July and into early August the street demonstrations continued. Soldiers were instructed to fire over the heads of the rioters, but either because their aim was bad or because they feared for their lives, there were many fatalities. Innocent women and children fleeing for their lives were slain. A presidential candidate, Yves Votel, was gunned down on October 13 with a copy of the constitution in his hand, protesting the disappearance of prisoners of the CNG who were being held at the federal prison next to the Palace.

Scenarios for Anarchy

WHO WERE the instigators of the demonstrations that were bringing Haiti to the edge of anarchy? I heard three answers when I was in Haiti in August. The first, popular among American conservatives but not believed by the Embassy, was the Communist Party. The Party's small size is not necessarily an argument against its effectiveness. But the Haitian Communists are so unpopular among the peasants (small landowners), and even among the unemployed who still hope to be rehired, that this answer is improbable.

A more credible scenario targeted the Roman Catholic priests of the "liberated Left," of whom three are charismatic figures. Bishop Romélus of Jérémie is the most radical but denies that he is anti-American. A second, Père Vincent in the north, is said to have organized the strike in Jean-Rabel against the small landowners. A third is Père Aristide, who barely escaped ambush by the Macoutes near Pont Sondé on August 23. Aristide, like the other two priests, denies that he is pro-Communist or anti-American. Charismatic though they are, none of the three—and this goes for the four leading presidential candidates as well—has any of the nationwide popularity enjoyed by a Gandhi or a Nelson Mandela.

According to the third scenario, the

CNG, in alliance with the Macoutes—very few of whom the CNG prosecuted for the crimes they committed under the Duvaliers—stage-managed all the violent confrontations in the capital in order to come up with a dark-horse candidate of its own. Until he publicly avowed his admiration for the two Duvaliers on *60 Minutes*, Clovis Desinor, a minister under Jean-Claude, was that candidate. When the elections were canceled and the CEP abolished on November 29, a discreet Duvalierist, Alphonse Lehans, was given an hour to state his case on the government's television channel. But three weeks before that, the CNG had already signaled its intentions regarding the elections by demolishing the CEP headquarters and burning hundreds of thousands of ballots. Then, on November 26, the army reneged on its agreement to use military helicopters to transport ballots to remote polling places. The CEP countered by renting two helicopters from Miami, but when they arrived at the airport they were seized by the army, which announced that they would not be permitted to fly "for security reasons." All trucks heading for the hinterlands were turned back by heavily armed patrols at Saint-Marc and Léogane.

In August I talked to Ambassador Brunson McKinley about the situation in Haiti. The ambassador, tall, thin, handsomely aristocratic, in a Brooks Brothers suit, had been extremely generous with his time—an hour and a

half without one telephone interruption—but I was a little alarmed by his leisurely pace in that heavily guarded Embassy while Haiti was so visibly falling apart a few blocks away. With a tolerant, kindly word for everyone involved in the conflict, from General Namphy to René Théodore, the Communist leader, McKinley gave no evidence of commitment to a meaningful American policy. Why hadn't our government been able to state *publicly* that the \$100-million annual aid package, on which the CNG was wholly dependent for non-lethal weapons and budget support, would be withdrawn in the event that election security failed? Was there any contingency foreseen in which American intervention *would* take place? Was Haiti's survival less important to us than tiny Grenada's? Ambassador McKinley fielded these questions—politely, humorously, noncommittally. The election would take place as ordained, he assured us.

Blame America

ALL BUT humanitarian aid *was* withdrawn, to be sure, the day the elections were annulled, but this was too late to affect the chain of events. A well-known, influential Haitian intellectual—who had visited the United States and should have known better—told us that he and his friends were convinced the CNG's violent action on November 29 was taken on orders from the United States. But he could be forgiven his dark conspiracy theories so long as Charles E. Redman, the State Department's spokesman, was telling Haiti and the world that the American Administration was confident the CNG would now "ensure free and fair elections."

Was such a second election possible? The leading presidential candidates were united in saying no: not unless the CEP is reinstated and security in the streets guaranteed by a multi-national police force. The general strike called for Monday, December 7, accomplished little. The Organization of American States opposed intervention in any form. So did the Communist government in Managua, fearing no doubt to set a precedent for intervention on behalf of embattled freedom-fighters. Ironically, perhaps, only foreign intervention—U.S. protection for a second election—offers Haitians any hope of self-rule. □



"Presidential Candidate," by the Haitian painter Gérard. From the author's collection.



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But it *is*, you know. We went through all the go-find-pencil-and-paper, what's-the-ZIP-again?, do-I-

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Many thanks.

ABROAD

PEKING

Frustration in China

Despite the apparent cordiality surrounding the recent visit of Jaime Cardinal Sin of Manila to the Chinese authorities, the Vatican has made no substantial progress in improving its relations with the People's Republic. Such is the view of diplomatic observers in the Chinese capital. In his second visit here in three years, Cardinal Sin was received by Communist Party chief Zhao Ziyang and said afterward that the Vatican's recognition of Taiwan would "pose no problem" for the normalizing of relations between the Vatican and Peking. But the cardinal was immediately contradicted by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which said the Pope would indeed have to break off his ties to Taiwan if he wished to improve his position with the PRC. A more important obstacle concerns what Peking sees as the Vatican's effort to revive that part of the Chinese church which does not adhere to the "patriotic" (Peking-run) church. Religious agitation in general worries the Communist Chinese authorities, who have been busy suppressing yet another rebellion by the followers of the Dalai Lama in Tibet, and are seriously concerned about the effect of Islamic fundamentalism on their 55 million Muslim subjects.

MOSCOW

... and in the USSR

Pope John Paul II will not be invited to the millennial celebrations of the establishment of Christianity in Russia next year, according to the government-controlled Orthodox Patriarchate. The celebrations will be concentrated in Kiev in the Ukraine, the place where Christian missionaries from Constantinople found their first success. This news was revealed at a press conference and elaborated in a lengthy interview given to the Italian Communist newspaper, *Unità*, by Archbishop Pimen, the Patriarch of Moscow. The official reason is the support the Vatican gives to the Uniate Church of the Ukraine, whose members are Orthodox but recognize the primacy of Rome in the conduct of their affairs. The Pope had clearly hoped to be able to play some part in the forthcoming anniversary celebrations and possibly establish a link with the Orthodox communion, the biggest Christian grouping after the Roman church itself.

BRUSSELS

One Europe?

The Iron Curtain is crumbling, at least as far as trade between Eastern and Western Europe is concerned. For some years there has been talk of mutual recognition between the European Economic Community, based here, and a similar grouping of the satellite states, called Comecon, which was organized as a propaganda counterweight to the EEC. Such a step was foreshadowed by a recent meeting between Janos Kadar, the Hungarian Party boss, and Jacques Delors, president of the EEC. Hungary is soon to sign a commercial accord with the Community—an arrangement the Soviet Union approved in 1985, well before Mikhail Gorbachev had formulated his policy of "openness." Commercial dealings between East and West have

declined noticeably, which gives all the more impetus, it is argued here, to a general trade settlement. Various obstacles remain, however, the major one being the status of West Berlin. Comecon officially maintains that West Berlin cannot be included in the deal because that would infringe the quadripartite statute that still governs that city. But the quadripartite statute has been ignored so often in individual commercial dealings that this looks like a question of the gnat-and-camel sort. The Soviet Union itself is not interested in reaching a general agreement with the EEC, but in securing advanced Western technology, which it believes it can best acquire through individual dealing at the bipartite level.

FLORENCE

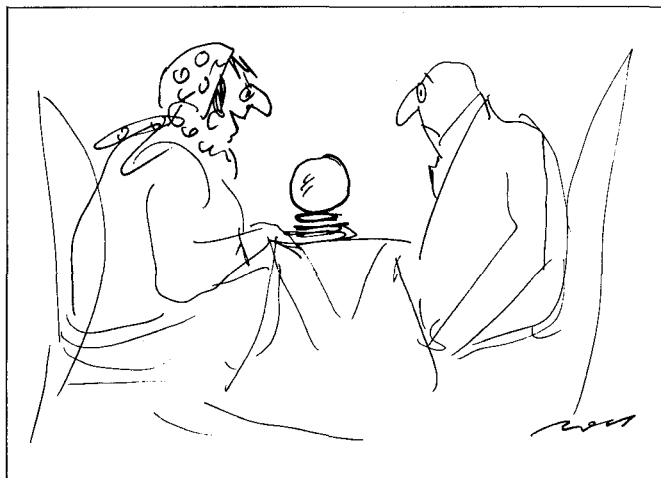
Dante's Dust

Two envelopes containing portions of Dante's remains and a shroud-like cloth bearing the imprint of his skull are supposedly stored somewhere in the Florentine National Library. They had been removed from Dante's official tomb in Ravenna, where he went after he was banished by the Florentine government in 1302 and where he died in 1321. Now, in an outburst of Florentine chauvinism, the press here, led by the local Communist daily, has demanded that the missing remains be found and buried properly in Dante's native city. The library maintains that the two envelopes in question, last seen in 1935, do not in fact contain Dante's dust, but chips and shavings collected in the 1890s from the poet's sarcophagus near the church of San Francesco in Ravenna.

STOCKHOLM

The New Lepers?

The Swedish government has announced its intention of placing a dozen persons who have tested positive for AIDS, but who refuse to submit to medical supervision, on an island 25 miles west of here. This announcement has called forth a storm of protest, with critics claiming that the government is trying to revive the practice of exiling lepers. Medical authorities point out that Adelsö Island is the site of a royal hunting lodge and anything but a prison. Dr. Anna Lisa Janko, who is in charge of the \$2-million-a-year project, adds that the house where the inmates would live and the park around it would function more as a care center, "although we would be obliged to restrain the freedom of the patients."



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Foreword by Forrest McDonald
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WILL HERBERG, PLURALIST

I SIT IN Will Herberg's chair, so to speak, for he was the first religion editor of this journal. Being religion editor mainly means writing this column. It does not mean—although I've been asked about this—serving as Bill Buckley's confessor. Just as well. Hearing Mr. Buckley's confession would probably be a time-consuming task, and he would not be likely to trust absolution from a Lutheran in any case. No, the job is, as it was for Will Herberg, mainly a matter of writing. And how well and how much he wrote! Hundreds and hundreds of Herberg's articles are listed in the bibliography at the end of Harry J. Ausmus's *Will Herberg: From Right to Right* [see Paul Gottfried, "Other Battles to Fight," NR, Dec. 31].

Ten years after his death there is something like a Herberg renaissance, sparked in part by the Ausmus biography. People are now taking another look at a most remarkable autodidact, who furiously thought his way from Marxism to Judaism. The books that are still read are *Judaism and Modern Man* (1951) and, better remembered, *Protestant, Catholic, Jew* (1955). The latter is an essay in what would later come to be called the American civil religion, and much of the analysis holds up well—although the resurgence of religious particularisms and of publicly aggressive evangelicalism would have taken Herberg by surprise. Ausmus's subtitle—"From Right to Right"—refers to his contention that Herberg was always an essential conservative, searching for a "metaphysical certainty" that he first found in Marxism and then in Biblical faith. In his conclusion Ausmus argues that Herberg was deluded because he failed to see that his Judaism was as much an idol as his Marxism had been. Herberg would have made short and devastating work of such a superficial criticism. Fortunately, Ausmus's conclusion is brief and his book is long. Its great value is

not in its analysis but in the abundance of information it provides about the man and the intellectual and political worlds through which he thought his way to sanity.

Almost alone among Jewish thinkers in his time, Herberg was a pluralist in his understanding of the connections between religion, moral judgment, and the social order. Granted, one of his later essays for this journal was "The Limits of Pluralism." But I think it fair to say that the pluralism he protested was the pseudo-pluralism that pretends our differences make no difference. That in fact is not pluralism but the monism of indifference to difference. Such pluralism is the open-mindedness of the empty-headed. Its proponents claim that there are no answers to moral questions; they thereby terminate the debate as surely as do those who claim there is only one answer to moral questions. Herberg was all for public moral debate, both lusty and civil. He therefore disagreed strongly with those sectors of Jewish organizational leadership that had been sold Leo Pfeffer's prejudice that the "separation of church and state" means the separation of religion and religiously grounded morality from public life.

Three decades ago, Protestants had such as Reinhold Niebuhr exploring the linkages between religion, morality, and public life, Roman Catholics had John Courtney Murray, and Jews had Herberg. Niebuhr was lionized, although liberal Protestants have largely forgotten him today. Murray, censured for a time, was vindicated by Vatican II. Herberg is yet to be discovered by most Jews. I said that Herberg was "almost alone" among Jewish thinkers. Milton Himmelfarb, formerly with the American Jewish Committee, has been making arguments similar to Herberg's over the years. More recently, neoconservatives such as Irving Kristol and Norman Podhoretz, and theologians such as David Novak,

have been pressing the case that the American democratic experiment cannot be sustained apart from its war-rants in religious belief and tradition. But, for the most part, Jewish leadership is in thrall to the now aged Leo Pfeffer. A self-confessed "absolutist for strict separationism," Pfeffer succeeded in enlisting not only the major Jewish organizations but the Supreme Court itself in his crusade to sterilize American public life of the "taint" of religion. For four decades his litigious crusade rolled on without effective challenge. In a recent autobiographical sketch Pfeffer expresses some surprise that he was able to win so much, and acknowledges that the tide may now be turning.

'Like a Knife'

WILL HERBERG's time may be coming around at last. This journal, then deemed to be outrageously right-wing and suspiciously Catholic (it still is deemed by some to be both), gave refuge to one who may now be reclaimed by his own, and by all of us. Jay Lovestone, the renegade Marxist, said Herberg "was like a knife—all blade—very sharp, very keen, but you can't use him, you can't get a handle on him." Widely dismissed in his later years as a hopeless reactionary, Herberg turns out to have been in the avant garde of a rebirth of vibrant pluralism. His sharp blade cut through the platitudes of mere tolerance to open the way toward an understanding of politics that is worthy of moral agents. With Aristotle, he insisted that politics is civil deliberation about how we ought to order our life together, and is therefore an inescapably moral enterprise. And he knew that that enterprise must engage the ultimate meanings by which reality is ordered. It is not comfortable, this chair of Will Herberg's, but it is a place of honor. □



MediaWatch™

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December 1987

Newsbites

→ CRONKITE'S LIBERAL WAY.

During the Bork nomination battle this past summer, People for the American Way (PAW) led the fight to defeat the conservative judge. The liberal activist group spent thousands of dollars to air TV commercials distorting Bork's record, declaring him unfit for a seat on the Supreme Court.

Last year PAW presented their annual "Spirit of Liberty Award" to Bill Moyers. This year they found another newsmen to their liking, former CBS Evening News anchorman Walter Cronkite who obliged PAW founder and liberal TV producer Norman Lear by accepting in person.

Endorsing PAW, Cronkite told an Entertainment Tonight reporter at the November 12 ceremony: "The main idea is that no person, no group, has the right to dictate to the rest of us, or to establish the parameters in which we can exercise our American freedoms. This is the American way."

→ **LAST BLASTS AT CAP.** Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger spent nearly seven years implementing President Reagan's 1980 mandate to re-build U.S. military capability. So when he announced his resignation in early November, some Big Media stars did not hesitate to let viewers know what they thought of one of the few cabinet members to consistently push conservative policies.

See **NEWSBITES**, page 6

Front Page

THE MEDIA'S RUSH TO JUDGE

When President Reagan nominated conservative Appeals Court Judge Robert Bork to fill a vacancy on the Supreme Court, the media painted Bork as an extremist by focusing on liberal objections to his nomination. After Bork's downfall and the successive nominations of two more conservatives, the media continued to follow the liberal agenda.

A Center for Media and Public Affairs (CMPA) study of evening news shows and *Washington Post* articles between the July 1 nomination and October 9 confirmed that 63 percent of assessments were negative toward Bork. As the days went on, coverage only became more one-sided, turning 82 percent negative after the hearings ended.

Dominant in the negative discussion were civil rights, women's rights, privacy, abortion, and first amendment issues. As the CMPA study concluded: "The topics covered most often reflected the major concerns of Bork's critics."

While Ronald Reagan was usually the only person on the nightly newscasts given the opportunity to defend Bork, an array of liberal critics from liberal Senators Kennedy, Biden, and Metzenbaum to liberal activist groups like the ACLU, NAACP, and NOW regularly attacked Bork.

NBC's Carl Stern best demonstrated the pattern. His September 14 Nightly News story, framed around the rhetorical question "What's all the fuss about Robert Bork," began with a typical liberal premise: "The difference is that Bork has spent a quarter century sharply attacking fundamental Supreme Court doctrine long after others stopped arguing about it."

Forgetting that conservatives everyday question the validity of many liberal precedents, Stern proceeded to portray Bork as a man opposed to the right of privacy and women's rights simply because

See **JUDGING**, page 4

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BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

BASTILLE DAY

James Gardner

IN THE HISTORY of American art, the Julian Schnabel retrospective at the Whitney Museum in Manhattan may one day assume an importance far beyond what any honest person can now claim for its artistic merits. In light of the general dissatisfaction it has provoked in viewers, it may well serve as a milestone in the interaction between cultural institutions and the public, almost an aesthetic storming of the Bastille. To superficial inspection there is nothing new about this: surely a huffy bourgeoisie, turning away in scorn from some vanguardist masterpiece, is one of the permanent fixtures of Modernist mythology. What is singular here is that the spectators appeared to be bending over backward to find something nice to say, but then just gave up. Nor were these the uninitiated substratum of some lingering booboisie: they were Pavarotti fans, people with PBS tote bags, eaters of quiche. What one was seeing was a massive crisis of confidence, a feeling on the part of the public at large that the citadels of culture were no longer competent to protect their interests. Because of the pluralism that now characterizes the cultural scene, the art-loving public was thrown back upon its own resources and had to decide for itself.

In reaction, the curatorial ancien régime resorted to some of its oldest and most trusted artillery: Isn't it true, the Royalists salved back, that Van Gogh, a single one of whose works now goes for more than the GNP of many Third World countries, managed to sell only one painting in his lifetime? Didn't an irate public walk out on the first performance of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*? And what of Pollock, whom people once mocked as Jack the Dripper?

But all this has precious little to do with Julian Schnabel, the 36-year-old *mignon* of the market, a man who is famous for being famous, and whose paintings sell because people want something as salable as a Julian Schnabel. That Schnabel is one of the ten

thousand best American artists of the present moment there can be little doubt. That he should receive fifty times more for a painting than other artists no less gifted is the sort of injustice of which the best that can be said is that it demonstrates the vitality of our free-market economy. But that Schnabel should be placed among the most eminent of contemporary American painters, let alone of world artists, is just plain silliness.

In making a case for Schnabel, critics often stress his historical importance. And indeed, he will go down in the history of the last quarter of this century as the man who battled the rarefied minimalism of the Seventies, the man who put the passion back

into painting. And it is true enough that passionateness is a constant element in Schnabel's paintings. You have only to swing through the galleries of the Whitney once to see more violent interlardings of color, more clashing and diversity of images, more smashed plates, scarified tarpaulin, and bull-moose antlers (sic) than have ever before been hoarded up and shoved into a single space.

But even if Schnabel was instrumental in reinvigorating a depleted, dysthymic art market, is historical consequence the same thing as artistic relevance? The artistic merits of Schnabel's passionateness are most easily judged in his purely abstract works. These range from sprays of paint recalling the spiky biomorphs of Clyfford Still, to the no-nonsense hard edges of Ad Reinhardt. The artist's moods skid from unbridled aggressiveness to classical calm, from deadpan humor to unrelieved sullenness. But how good are these, finally, as works of art? Not good enough. They please, but they do not prepossess. Allowances must be made for a natural tendency, given the slim pickings offered by the rest of the exhibition, to seize on these as islands of approximate sanity, something that



Barnaby Conrad is an author, an artist, and director of the Santa Barbara Writers' Conference. His most recent book is Time Is All We Have: Four Weeks at the Betty Ford Center.

Brian Crozier's most recent book is a novel, The Andropov Deception.

James Gardner has written on art, literature, and film for Commentary, The New Criterion, NR, and other publications.

Jeffrey Meyers's latest book is Manic Power: Robert Lowell and His Circle.

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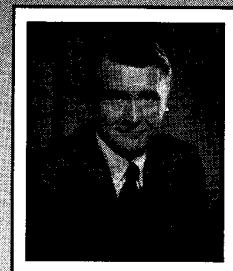
George Roche

A World Without Heroes

The Modern Tragedy

By George Roche

Foreword By Russell Kirk



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RANDOM NOTES

□ LEFT OVER FROM NOVEMBER: In *The Key to Failure: Laos and the Vietnam War* (Madison, \$19.95), Norman B. Hannah argues that the U.S. Command had its eye on the wrong target in Southeast Asia: that it devoted too much attention to what he believes was the mainly simulated insurgency within South Vietnam, and too little to the much greater threat of Laos, as exploited by the North Vietnamese.

Paul Gauguin: Life and Work (Rizzoli, \$85), by Michel Hoog, translated by Constance Devanthéry-Lewis, is an elegant, provocatively original (and beautifully illustrated) study of Gauguin's personality and the artistic influences that converged upon it to produce the paintings.

□ LAST DECEMBER TITLES: *Oscar Wilde* (Knopf, \$24.95), by Richard Ellmann, is an excellent biography by the author, recently deceased, of the greatly acclaimed *James Joyce*.

□ MORE JANUARY TITLES: In *Proslavery: A History of the Defense of Slavery in America, 1701-1840* (Georgia, \$40), Larry E. Tise develops the thesis that proslavery

thought was not a regional but a national phenomenon, representing the maturation of that conservative Federalism that Tise believes was defeated, albeit temporarily, by the Constitutional Convention of 1787.

Fyodor Dostoevsky: Complete Letters, Volume One, 1832-1859 (Ardis, \$35), edited and translated by David Lowe and Ronald Meyer, is a superb job of compilation, scholarship, and translation; it is, as well, fascinating to read.

□ COMING IN FEBRUARY: *Roosevelt and de Gaulle: Allies in Conflict, a Personal Memoir* (Free Press, \$22.50), by Raoul Aglion, is an interesting study of the General's determination that Roosevelt recognize him as the French head of state, met by the President's refusal to grant that recognition. The author was the head of the Free French delegation to New York during World War II.

In *One Life at a Time, Please* (Holt, Rinehart, \$17.95), a collection of essays originally published in *Harper's*, the *New York Times*, *Mother Earth*, and other places, Edward Abbey—the Southwestern novelist, essayist, and critic—spiritedly engages some of his long-standing *bêtes noires* (cattlemen, cities, and Growth), and extols his equally long-standing loves (canyons, rivers, and deserts). —CW

an honest person can praise without feeling like an abject idiot. In a similar vein, Schnabel has included among his more figurative works some heavy dollops of painterliness, as if to say, "See, I can do that too." But the pleasures of these paintings are not sufficiently great to rest an average reputation on, let alone one as gargantuan as Schnabel's.

Toward Schnabel's figurative works it is more difficult to be indulgent. That his depictions of the real world are inept should come as no surprise. They are intentionally rough and seedy, ugly and goofy: the theory being that to make them better would have been to cave in to one of the "strategies" of bourgeois complacency. But, even so, that is not the main problem. There is a conviction abroad that as long as some meaning can be squeezed out of a painting, however elliptical the artist's transmission, however fantastical the viewer's construction, then that painting is entitled to our respectful consideration. Even as signification, however, these paintings, bogged down in their own bloated portentousness, cannot be counted anything other than failures. If indeed they have something urgent to tell us, then they do them-

selves and their viewers a disservice by couching that message in terms so inarticulate, so private, that no one other than the artist and his closest associates can have any idea of what is being said.

Schnabel's categorical refusal to embrace with conviction the burden of representation is best expressed in what one curator calls "his now legendary 'plate paintings.'" These are paintings with a whole lot of smashed plates adhering to their surfaces through the miraculous intercession of dental glue. Now, anything this ugly had better have a lot to say. But as I have no idea what that could be, I must be content with the explanation provided by the same curator: "By painting on a three-dimensional broken ground, the image is only apparent from a distance. Close up it becomes a tangle of marks, plates, and plaster adhesive. What better way to express the fragility and chaos of the world?" Well, and what of the two huge lengths of muddy-green tarpaulin emblazoned with the names of St. Ignatius of Loyola and Pope Pius IX? "Like banners used in religious crusades or political demonstrations," we learn, "they are awesome in scale and

force us to recognize our own fragility." One employee of the Whitney, leading a tour through the exhibition, commented that although she didn't really know who Loyola was, she had learnt that he had something to do with the Jesuits, who, she was given to understand, were rather authoritarian rigorists. Thus, she concluded, this painting was a defiant challenge to authority. The problem with such erudite exegesis is that it permits absolutely anything to mean absolutely everything, as well, of course, as its opposite.

The most extraordinary thing about Schnabel's achievement (and this really does impress me) is that he has stood on its head the natural sequence of artistic response. Usually, we respect an artist because we have consistently perceived in his works something that either signifies to us or strikes us as beautiful. In the case of Schnabel, however, it is because he is Schnabel that, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, we assume he must have something to say, and hope we will be adequate to learning what it is.

Or so it was until lately, when the public came in reverence and left feeling massively unimpressed. In the circumstances, the viewers' refusal docilely to accept what they were being told, the fact that they quitted the premises with a twinkle of merriment in their eyes, must be understood as something of heroism. Let us hope that the news of their resistance will be heard around the world. □

THE MAN WHO HAD ALL THE LUCK

Jeffrey Meyers

Timebends: A Life, by Arthur Miller (Grove Press, 614 pp., \$24.95)

IN THIS superb autobiography, Miller bends chronology, pursues the themes of his life by moving back and forth in time, "and instead of one incident in one time-frame succeeding another, displays past and present concurrently, with neither one ever coming to a stop." He entered manhood in the 1930s and was profoundly influenced by the events of that decade: the rise of fascism, the suffering in the Depression, and the Spanish Civil War. He believes art should be moral

and should try to change the world. The dominant themes of this book are the origins of creativity, the dangers of fame, the temptations of the flesh, the corruption of Hollywood, the commercialization of Broadway, and the betrayal of American idealism.

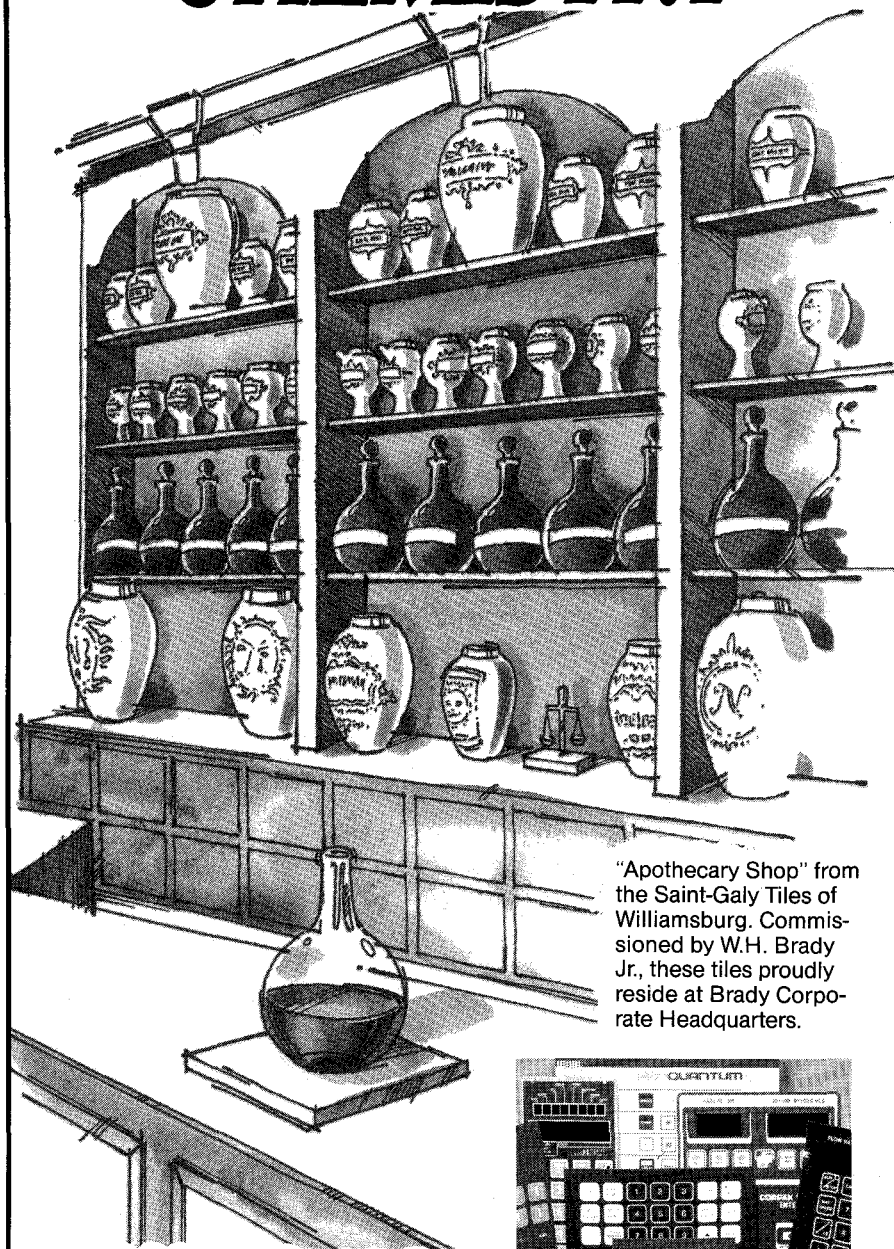
Born in New York in 1915, Miller was the second son of a wealthy but illiterate Jewish coat manufacturer who lost his money and self-respect in the Depression. After graduating from high school in Brooklyn, Miller worked for two years in an auto-parts warehouse in order to pay for his college education. At the University of Michigan, he fed mice in a genetics laboratory and won two prestigious Hopwood awards for play-writing. He chose that form of art not only because he loved to imitate voices and sounds but also because "it seemed more tangible. One could walk around a play, it excited an architectural pleasure that mere prose did not."

In 1940 Miller married Mary Slatery, a Catholic classmate from Cleveland. He provides a hilarious account of the rage he felt after spending several celibate premarital days with her joyless and desiccated family. A knee injury kept him out of the army. During the war he joined the Federal Theater Project, worked for two years in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and then wrote patriotic plays for radio. His first Broadway play, *The Man Who Had All the Luck*, closed after four performances in 1944.

Miller gives fascinating accounts of how his major plays—which often focus on domestic betrayal—were conceived, cast, and produced. The germ of *All My Sons* (1947), his first great success, grew out of a story he heard from his mother-in-law about "a young girl somewhere in central Ohio who had turned her father in to the FBI for having manufactured faulty aircraft parts during the war." His maternal uncle, Manny Newman, was a model for Willy Loman; he began *Death of a Salesman* (1949) with the opening lines and a sense of the hero's death. The entire first act was written in a single day and night, and the second act took only six weeks to complete.

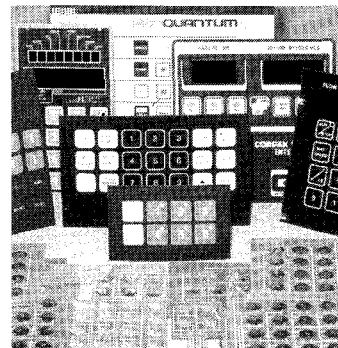
A View from the Bridge (1955) was sparked by a friend's incestuous dream and by the story of a "longshoreman who ratted to the Immigration Bureau on two brothers, his own relatives,

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who were living illegally in his very home, in order to break an engagement between one of them and his niece." *After the Fall* (1963), his most innovative and underrated play, was based partly on the willing testimony of Elia Kazan (Miller's friend and greatest director) before the House Committee on Un-American Activities and partly on Miller's marriage to Marilyn Monroe. Her death as he was completing the work linked her too closely with the imagined heroine and contributed to the failure of the play.

Miller is frank about his relations with Miss Monroe, whom he married in 1956 and divorced four years later. He met her during his first trip to Hollywood in 1950, when she was an unknown actress and he was trying to sell the never-to-be-made waterfront screenplay, *The Hook*, to 20th Century-Fox. (Miller's dialogues with the monstrous movie-makers Harry Cohn and Spyros Skouras are vivid and depressing.) Miss Monroe, friendless and alone, saw safety in his shyness; and her childish voracity met his own appetite for self-gratification. But even Miller's sensitivity and intelligence could not save her from destruction. His account of the disintegration of their love during the filming of *The Misfits* achieves moments of tragic intensity. His portraits of Lee and Paula Strasberg and of Norman Mailer, who exploited Marilyn Monroe and her myth, are savagely satiric.

Miller was subpoenaed by the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1956, just before his marriage to Miss Monroe. He tells us that the politicians, hating artists and envying their power to attract public attention, offered to cancel the hearing if Miss Monroe agreed to be photographed shaking hands with the chairman. Miller appeared before the Committee, answered all the questions about himself, and took responsibility for everything he had ever done—though he had never been a Communist or done anything illegal. But he stated that he "could not use the name of another person and bring trouble to him." Miller was convicted of contempt of Congress and sentenced to pay a fine and serve a month in jail, but the verdict was soon reversed by a court of appeals.

Though Miller has written distinguished works, from *Focus* (1945), his novel about anti-Semitism, to *Time-*

bends, more than forty years later, he has always kept in touch with ordinary people and devoted years of his life to fighting for the underdog: juvenile delinquents, exploited longshoremen, unjustly convicted defendants, and (as international president of PEN) writers throughout the world who have been jailed and tortured. When his private conversations with Marilyn Monroe were sold to the English newspapers by his refugee servants—they were immediately interrogated and detected by a security man—Miller sympathized with the butler and maid who had betrayed him. □

THE VIEW FROM THE WALL

Chilton Williamson Jr.

Confused Roaring: Evelyn Waugh and the Modernist Tradition, by George McCartney (Indiana, 191 pp., \$22.50)

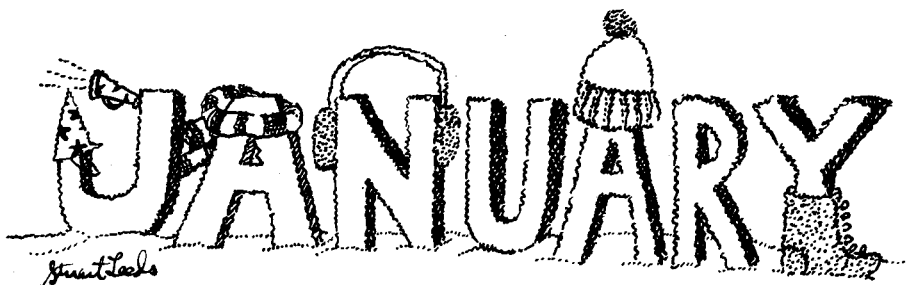
THERE IS something amiss with the title of this book, suggesting as it does that Evelyn Waugh is the Confused Roarer when, in fact, the roaring is that of "acoustic [modern] primitivism in which the individual dissolves into the communal mass," according to Mr. McCartney. Other than that, I can find nothing wrong with this brilliant (and superbly written) work of literary criticism, which succeeds absolutely in refuting the view of critics like Donat O'Donnell (Conor Cruise O'Brien), Frederick J. Stopp, Malcolm Bradbury, David Lodge, and Sean O'Faolain that Waugh was, in McCartney's gloss, "a sharper-tongued Wodehouse, a more substantial Firbank"; or, as O'Faolain put it, "a purely brainless genius, with a gift for satire," whose work adds up merely to a manic exercise in Edwardian nostalgia, without rationale. The truth is that Waugh himself flatly denied that what he wrote was satire at all,

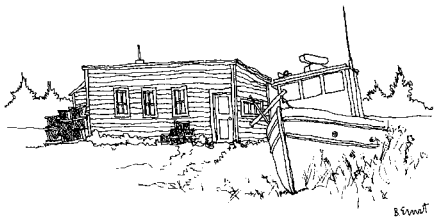
arguing that the genre "flourishes in a stable society and presupposes homogeneous moral standards. . . . It exposes polite cruelty and folly by exaggerating them. It seeks to produce shame. All this has no place in the Century of the Common Man where vice no longer pays lip service to virtue." To the extent that Waugh does deserve to be thought of as a satirist, McCartney argues, "It must first be said that his satiric objective was not moral but metaphysical and it is on this ground that his work achieves its consistency of purpose."

Waugh's indictment of the twentieth century was not that it was less moral than preceding centuries, but that it had failed to sustain a belief in, and commitment to, the notion of absolutes, both moral and metaphysical. *Decline and Fall*, his first novel,

loudly demonstrates the consequences of tolerating a mindless lack of principles. It opens and closes with the "confused roaring" raised by the sons of England's ruling families "baying for broken glass" as they carouse through Oxford's colleges destroying every symbol of art and learning they come upon. Their behavior goes conspicuously unchecked by the university's authorities, who have chosen instead to hide in their darkened rooms. Such is the modern world, Waugh implies, where willful energy, lacking the discipline of a self-assured moral intelligence founded upon inarguable principles, expresses itself resentfully in random acts of destruction. The one constant in Waugh's fiction is his portrayal of what happens to a society that disregards the metaphysical coordinates which had once given it a sense of purpose.

And yet Waugh was himself, despite the belligerent Tory-squire persona, "very much . . . of his century," both as a man and as an artist. In moods of dissipation, he was flagrantly capable of relinquishing himself to the "passion of the moment" as celebrated by the modern temper, without ceasing to judge such indulgences by orthodox canons of personal behavior. Though





a self-declared enemy of the modern subjectivist school of literature as represented by Proust, Joyce, and Woolf, he bluntly declared that "the artist, however aloof he holds himself, is always and specially the creature of the Zeitgeist," and proved it by creating for his purposes an "alternative modernism" drawn from the literary theory of Wyndham Lewis, his own insight into the novels of Ronald Firbank, and techniques adapted from that most quintessentially modern art form, the cinema. He was, simply,

one of those artists who thrive on contradiction. Although he declared himself committed to the "standards of civilization," he was unmistakably intrigued by savagery. He prized rationality, but could never entirely resist the lure of anarchy. This is why he was at once fascinated and repelled by modernism's assault on conventional expectations. It spoke to him of the anarchic impulse he alternately indulged and resisted in himself. Much of his work sprang from his sustained and animated argument with what he perceived to be the excesses of the avant-garde. It was through this argument that he confronted what was at best an uneasy truce and at worst a volatile standoff between his orthodox and wayward selves, transfiguring his private struggles so that they represented the characteristic tensions of his time. . . . This uneasy truce . . . [is] expressed in his fiction as a comically disabling severance of intellect from will.

Waugh's twentieth century is an epoch in which civilization is rapidly reverting to primitivism, in epistemological as well as experiential terms. In a brilliant chapter McCartney exposes the running spoof, throughout the early Waugh novels, of Henri Bergson's philosophy of Being versus Becoming, according to which reality is of the moment in the instantaneous fusion of perceiving subject and object perceived: an epistemology Waugh recognized to be decadent in its anti-essentialist implications. As reflected in his writing, "primitivism is not a matter of a particular time or place ["Azania," Brazil]. It exists wherever and whenever mind allows itself to acquiesce in the 'con-

fused roaring' of immediate sensation and surrenders the resources of literacy and reason that enable it to transcend the sensate moment." The primitive, Waugh believed, is primitive precisely because he has no awareness either of the past (history) or of the future, but only of the present, its immediate pains and gratifications. In Waugh's greatest novel, *A Handful of Dust*, Tony Last, through his own well-meaning irresponsibility, falls victim to both the non-ordered primitive concept of time ("Time is different in Brazil") and the preliterate primacy of the ear, in contradistinction to the "wisdom of the eye" characteristic of literate man. (McCartney makes a convincing case for Waugh's having anticipated in his fiction Marshall McLuhan's ideas concerning the displacement of the traditional visual culture by a post-modern aural one: "the technological retribalization of modern man.")

In Waugh's fiction, as Alvin Kernan noted, the world is always under siege: the jungle is creeping back to its primeval strongholds where man has deserted his post. That jungle, of course, exists within us, as well as without: Waugh never ceased to think

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of himself as a perpetual battleground between civilization and savagery. In his historical novel, *Helena*, the father of Constantine the Great celebrates the Roman Wall: "Inside, peace, decency, the law, the altars of the gods, industry, the arts, order; outside, wild beasts and savages, forest and swamp, bloody mumbo-jumbo, men like wolf-packs; and along the wall the armed might of the Empire, sleepless, holding the line. Doesn't it make you see what The City means?" Throughout his work, Waugh's greatest contempt is reserved for the modern ruling class that does *not* hold the line, that sleeps at its post or fiddles its nights away; while, out in the greater darkness, the jungle creeps stealthily forward upon the crumbling, deteriorated Wall that Evelyn Waugh has claimed as his own "preferred vantage point" from which to observe, with his special brand of dandyish poise, the rebarbarization of the modern world. □

UNDOWNPUTTABLE

Barnaby Conrad

Mongoose, R.I.P., by William F. Buckley Jr. (Random House, 322 pp., \$17.95)

GENERALLY eschew "faction"—historical novels, what-if books, and the like—on the grounds that, as with Grape Nuts, breadfruit, and Christian Science, they are neither one thing nor the other. This latest book in the Blackford Oakes series, however, is so clever a blend of what we know happened in 1962 and 1963, and what we would like to know, and what maybe the author alone knows, that we are totally flimflammed, and disbelief not only is suspended, it flies out the window in the first chapters, never to return. The best of the Blacky books, this is an entertainment of the Graham Greene order that truly entertains, excites, and edifies.

The author takes all sorts of chances—he dares to go into all his characters' minds, including JFK's, Khrushchev's, and Fidel Castro's—and not only gets away with it, he makes the reader believe. More important, he makes the reader care, especially about some of the minor, though essential, characters, such as Castro's would-be assassin, Rolando Cubela, the dictator's

vengeful mistress, María, and even the Russian technician, Anatoly Kirov.

The plot is intricately woven with several Ludlumesque surprises and, on the whole, it is convincing, considering that we are playing around with history here. Or are we? Buckley writes with such authority about both the real and the imagined events, we're never quite sure. For example, who would believe that the U.S. Government would try to kill Castro by presenting him with the gift of a poisoned wetsuit? Yet it happened, along with many other equally mind-boggling transactions (which Buckley documents at the end of the novel). Operation Mongoose—i.e., kill Castro—was very real.

The story picks up where the Cuban missile crisis leaves off: the dictator feels he has been humiliated by both the U.S. and Russia and vows a revenge calculated to restore Cuba's lost respect. At the same time the Kennedy brothers are dreaming up ways to eliminate the menace of Castro, with Blackford Oakes, spy extraordinaire, in charge of getting the dirty job done. There is a bit of romance with Sally Partridge dragged in, but it is skillfully, if a bit coincidentally, worked into the main plot. The story builds with considerable suspense up to Blackford's horrendous dilemma on the day of JFK's assassination. It wouldn't be fair to the story to spell it out here, but suffice it to say that the final option offered to Blacky makes Sophie's choice—or Ulysses' between Charybdis and Scylla—look minor by comparison.

I have a Cuban-American friend who fractures both his languages—for example, *en seguida* ("right away")

becomes *en segoddamguida*—and his highest accolade for a book is *undownputtable*. I am sending him *Mongoose, R.I.P.* and I am sure he is going to find this riveting tale of his natal island and its enigmatic leader totally *undownputtable*. □

UNUSUAL ARTICLES

Joseph Sobran

Orthodoxy: The American Spectator Anniversary Anthology, edited by R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. (Harper & Row, 511 pp., \$24.95)

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR just turned twenty, which hardly seems possible. I can remember when NATIONAL REVIEW was twenty. (I was a child at the time.)

The founder and editor, R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., has plucked about seventy articles from the storehouse of back issues and packed them into a five-hundred-page book waggishly titled *Orthodoxy*. It's a delight.

The *Spectator* has always been a good read, the perfect magazine to go with a beer. It seems to invite first-rate writers to kick off their shoes and make themselves at home. The results are charming, and this culling of the best is a book to keep.

Some of these pieces are famous: Taki's essay on ugly women, Patrick Buchanan and J. Gordon Muir's on AIDS, P. J. O'Rourke's review of *Iacocca*, Lewis Lapham's review of Jimmy Carter's White House memoirs. Not a bad cross-section: all four are audacious to the point of making your beer come out your nose, and three are hilarious.

My favorites here are Hugh Kenner's reflection on the Hiss-Chambers case and Tom Bethell's profile of Eric Hoffer. Kenner freshens up the old debate—though he has no doubt that Hiss was guilty—by addressing some problematic traits of Chambers and making some arresting notes on his style: "Chambers's taste, especially in paragraph endings, was for the resolved cadence, to an extent perverse in the twentieth century. (His way of signaling an irony is to leave them unresolved.)" Bethell self-effacingly draws Hoffer out, capturing the familiar vivid personality in unexpected utterance:



"This is something I *can't* explain," he said, puzzled and serious once again. "The uniqueness of the Jews. I can describe their uniqueness, but why they became what they are I don't know. It's the greatest mystery in the world for me, and I have been preoccupied with the Jews since 1929. It's a special thing to be a Jew, and this is what most Jews don't know. They think they are like others, but they are not."

(This may be the place to point out, for those who haven't noticed, that my friend Bethell is one of the most versatile writers around. He makes so many different kinds of writing look easy that it doesn't hit you until you've read a dozen or so of his articles.)

J. D. Lofton has a ball with the authorized biography of Leonid Brezhnev (quite a writer himself, if the Lenin Prize for Literature is any measure):

We learn of Brezhnev's finely tuned perceptiveness, how in 1915 at the age of nine, during several strikes at the Kamenshoye steel mill, "he sensed the determination of the workers and their exultation when they managed to wrest concessions from the mill-owners." . . . Speaking of World War II, this book is full of never-before-told tales of Brezhnev's personal courage which, quite frankly, makes one wonder why the rest of the Red Army was really necessary. In April of 1943, during heavy fighting on the Little Land, Brezhnev uttered a "winged phrase" which passed from mouth to mouth among the soldiers. The phrase? "You can kill a Soviet man, but you cannot defeat him!"

Arnold Beichman's sardonic wit and long memory make short work of Irving Howe's autobiography and his "benevolent Trotskyism." Kenneth S. Lynn is equally devastating to Malcolm Cowley's autosycophancy. (Cowley had apparently forgotten his own ringing defenses of Stalin's purge trials and his smears of those who voiced suspicion.)

It's especially gratifying to see reprinted John Muggeridge's beautiful though dispiriting 1981 essay on the state of Canada. It manages to make you interested in Canada while explaining in an unexpected way why you hadn't been before.

Not to mention *Malcolm* Muggeridge, Tom Wolfe, Vic Gold, George Will, John Simon, Fred Barnes, Colin Welch, David Niven, Luigi Barzini,

and dozens of others, even the least known of whom have the *Spectator* touch of easygoing urbanity. It would be hard to find a cheerier collection of intellectuals, though I'm disappointed that the book includes nothing by the witty Brenda Becker, who, like John Muggeridge, should be required by law to write more often.

As Tyrrell notes in his introduction, "*The American Spectator* was the first intellectual review to bring together the traditional conservatives and those liberals who would eventually be called neoconservatives." What it was, was a refuge from what Chesterton called the Usual Article. The only ground rule seemed to be: If it's already been said, don't say it here. Most of the radical "underground" papers of the Sixties, which all sounded alike, have long since folded. The *Spectator* carries on, still a popping good read. □

SHARP EYE IN PARIS

Brian Crozier

Ambassador in Paris: The Reagan Years, by Evan G. Galbraith (Regnery Gateway, 160 pp., \$16.95)

A POLITICAL appointee as ambassador is bound to incur the jealous disapproval of the professionals when he speaks up on behalf of the President who appointed him; yet he would be failing his President if he did not. Evan Galbraith was Ronald Reagan's man in Paris. He duly spoke up, and duly irritated the State Department and other diplomatic ministries.

He was right to speak up, and my own view as an outsider and a student of French politics is that he did a first-rate job. For instance, he had not been long at his distinguished post when he declared, very publicly, that he would not be interested in traveling on France's new fast train with President François Mitterrand's Communist transportation minister, Charles Fiterman. He went further, stating (correctly, but tactlessly by diplomatic standards) that the French Communist Party was an instrument of the Soviet Union. For this snub, he was duly rebuked—though by the Quai d'Orsay, not (as far as he reveals) by State.

Throughout his four years in Paris,

Ambassador Galbraith continued to speak up, in public and in private, for American interests as he saw them.

A more important clash for the new ambassador was over the French decision to sell arms to the Sandinista government in Nicaragua. Without waiting (as a professional Foreign Service officer might have done) for official instructions from Washington, Galbraith called everybody he could contact in Mitterrand's government to explain how damaging this decision was to American interests, and therefore to those of the West as a whole. A week elapsed before instructions came from State to make a *démarche* protesting the arms sale.

In his interesting analysis of Mitterrand's reasons for selling arms to a government that was Communist in all but name, however, the Ambassador misses a trick. He lists France's desire to get construction contracts in Mexico, its ties to the Third World, and the Left's romantic view of revolutionaries everywhere. In fact the real reasons were more strictly domestic (in both senses) and political. Mitterrand had already decided to take a

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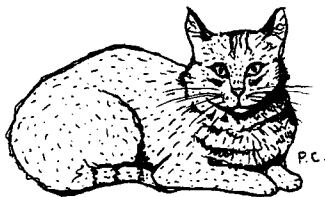
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Galbraith has some interesting and pertinent suggestions to make for im-

Nevertheless, *Ambassador in Paris* is an entertaining as well as a perceptive book. For those who are more interested in the way an ambassador and his family live in a prestigious post than in the substance of his work, there is much to amuse in the hypothetical "month-in-the-life-of" chapter. By his own performance, Evan Galbraith makes a strong case for the carefully chosen non-professional. □

John Simon

HOW MANY times must one let fall on deaf ears the elementary truth that no great work of literature can be turned into a comparable movie? We should all know by now that form is part of the content: a sonnet can't be turned into an epic, a mural can't be translated into a miniature, the most artistic photograph of a statue is nowhere near the statue. In a piece of great fiction, it is the descriptions, reflections, paragraphs, sentences, words, and cadences that make the art, not just plot and dialogue. And what writing leaves to the inner eye and ear is



Its film version, *The Dead*, is the last work of the multifariously talented John Huston, who once actually managed to make a very good film out of Flannery O'Connor's *Wise Blood*—significantly, however, not her finest or subtlest work. Moreover it is somewhat easier to cut down a short novel

At party's end, after much debating of the relative merits of various famous singers, Bartell D'Arcy, a local tenor, is finally prevailed upon to sing a bit of an Irish air, "The Lass of Aughrim," which puts Gretta, listening to it on the staircase, into a state of frozen melancholy. This arouses the sexual desire of her husband, and Gabriel can hardly wait to get to their Dublin hotel room, which he has rented in order to obviate a long nocturnal journey home. But Gretta now confesses her first love for a 17-year-old boy, Michael Furey, consumptive and in love with her back in Galway, who, upon hearing she was off to convent school, came out into the icy night to see her once more and caught his death. *He* used to sing that song

It had been fitfully snowing all day; now it snows through the night. Gabriel, unable to make love to the weepy Gretta and consumed by retroactive jealousy, stands at the window feeling sorry for himself, for her, for Michael Furey, for all the quick and the dead on whom the snow is falling. The end of the story is filled with *lacrimae rerum* and with some of the most exquisite prose written in English. Though Joyce was only 26 and not yet blind, his was already a largely

aural sensibility, and the fineness of the story is in the way the language becomes spiritualized from its mundane beginnings, through anticipatory shudders of beauty, into that climactic litany of euphony and compassion.

Until the concluding pages of the story, the film jogs along merrily enough, though a bit cramped by that small house and the one recurrent, Ozu-like establishing shot of a lonely winter street. Huston was too ill to travel to Dublin, and shot instead in a California warehouse, himself confined to a wheelchair and connected to life by tubes, to his cameraman and actors by walkie-talkie. He finished the film in late spring, and a few months later started another, though he died soon thereupon of emphysema without having given up smoking. You must admire such indomitable mulishness, and there is something endearing, too, about the film's connection to Galway, where Huston lived twenty of his best years. Yet the movie *The Dead* is small potatoes, if not a potato famine, to the story.

The film's end has Gabriel, in voice-

over, speaking the famous paragraphs, while the camera catches appropriate wintry scenes. It looks like a travelogue, the lowliest of cinematic genres, and no match for deathless prose. But all along there has been an inability to cope, as when Gretta stood on the stairs, rapt: "There was grace and mystery in her attitude as if she were a symbol of something. He asked himself what is a woman standing on the stairs in the shadow, listening to distant music, a symbol of." There are all sorts of ironies in this, but the film, which could bustle and chuckle along with the partying, is powerless here.

The Irish actors—mostly imported, some domestic—are good and racy, though Donal Donnelly overdoes Freddy Malins, and Helena Carroll exaggerates Aunt Kate even more. Anjelica Huston, who was born on that farm in Galway, manages the accent well enough, but not Gretta's depth. I especially liked Dan O'Herlihy's Mr. Browne, Rachel Dowling's Lily, and Donal McCann's Gabriel. It's an honorable try all around, with modest pleasures, but *The Dead* will stand as

a testimonial to Huston's testy courage, not as the milestone or monument one had hoped for.

OLIVER STONE'S *Wall Street* is schlock, but the best kind of schlock there is. That, even in this day and age, is not to be construed as high praise. Set against the background of the bull market of the mid Eighties, it tells how Bud Fox, a young \$50,000-a-year stockbroker from a poor but honest family, uses his modest wits and huge persistence to worm his way into the presence of Gordon Gekko, Wall Street's biggest corporate raider, still young but already super-rich, as charming as he is ruthless. Bud has stumbled onto one insider tip that is useful to Gekko, who gives him a crack at some shady business; when this succeeds, grooms him to become a surrogate son. Bud is caught, like the young hero of *Platoon*, also played by Charlie Sheen, between two father figures. The evil and good non-coms have become Gekko and Carl, Bud's father (played by Charlie's real-life father, Martin), an airline mechan-

"... Jaded and worldly men will see in him the storybook American ..."

—William F. Buckley, Jr.
(of Evan Galbraith)

Ambassador in Paris: The Reagan Years

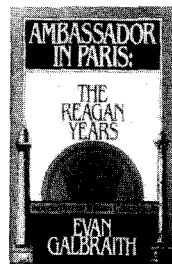
by Evan Galbraith

Here's a provocative look at how policy is conducted in one of the world's most important and glamorous embassies. Galbraith's three-and-a-half years as Ambassador to France provide the backdrop to this fast-paced diary that is sure to be both controversial and influential.

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—The New Yorker



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ic and union leader as simple and good as a slice of rye bread.

Wall Street is *Platoon* in civvies. Instead of jungle warfare, there's the financial jungle, where man eats rather than shoots man. Corporate raiders, hostile takeovers, insider trading, arbitrage—above all, endless computer terminals and telephones bursting like

rockets everywhere—create a battlefield as dense, noisy, frantic, and ultimately deadly as anything in Vietnam, or at least in a Vietnam movie. There are pauses for bits of nasty wisecracking, just as in *Platoon*; then the green-mail, like grenades, starts flying again.

The villain-hero Gekko is fascinating in his amoral acquisitiveness and ep-

igrammatic bitchery, as such figures usually are in fancy schlock, for which German has the wonderful word *Edelkitsch*. The way he molds Bud into his alter ego—bestowing on him money, Italian clothes, lunches at 21 (which he himself barely partakes of: "Lunch is for wimps!"), callgirls, weekends at the Gekko house in the Hamptons, a

THE RIGHT BOOKS / WAYNE LUTTON

ON THE EVE of the Reagan-Gorbachev Summit, an open letter on "Western Interests and the Arms Talks" appeared in the *Washington Post*. Co-signed by over seventy distinguished European writers, academics, politicians, and retired members of the military—including General Sir John Hackett, Ambassador Jean Laloy, Vladimir Bukovsky, and Jean-Marie Benoist—the letter voiced the concern that an INF agreement not linked to substantial reductions in the Soviet Union's conventional- and chemical-warfare arsenals would jeopardize the safety of the West:

Far from enhancing Western security we believe it would shift the military balance in favor of the Warsaw Pact, assisting the cause of the Soviet Union in seeking to induce political changes in the West favorable to its interests. At the same time the proposed accord would diminish any incentive for the Soviet Union to make fundamental changes to its domestic and foreign policies. . . .

(For a copy of this letter and further information, write Helen Tucker, 14B Albert Bridge Road, London SW11 4PY, England.)

There is no question that the Warsaw Pact enjoys a lead in conventional forces in Europe. According to the latest edition of *The Military Balance*, compiled by the International Institute for Strategic Studies, Warsaw Pact forces outnumber NATO forces right down the line: troops, 6.3 million to 5.1 million; reserves, 8.2 million to 6.3 million; tanks, 52,000 to 22,200; artillery pieces, 37,000 to 11,100; armed helicopters, 1,630 to 780; combat aircraft, 7,963 to 3,889. But numbers alone do not necessarily indicate

the potential capability of a given power. Military philosophy, organization and training, and types of equipment must also be considered. Given the on-going debate over the West's security in light of the INF treaty, the latest book by Albert and Joan Seaton, *The Soviet Army: 1918 to the Present* (New American Library, \$19.95), is most timely. Since his retirement from the British Army, Colonel Seaton has written a number of highly regarded works, in which he has evaluated the combat effectiveness of the Red Army. Intended for the general reader, this volume gives a precise account of the development of the Soviet ground forces, their military and political organization, training, tactics, and weaponry.

According to the Seaton, the Soviet army is an updated imitation of the German forces that won such remarkable victories in the Low Countries and France in 1940, and the Soviet Union during the summers of 1941 and 1942. The *Wehrmacht*'s key to success, developed by Heinz Guderian and Ludwig Beck before the outbreak of the war, was a war of movement, combining air power with tank spearheads and motorized infantry.

Over the past forty years, the Soviet army has grown into a fully armored and mechanized force "with the potential for strategic and tactical mobility the like of which has not been seen anywhere in the world." As we approach the end of the 1980s, the USSR fields the largest and best-equipped tank and armored infantry forces in the world. A lesson well learned from World War II is that success on the battlefield depends on controlling tactical airspace. In recent years, the Soviets have reorganized their tactical air forces, which in most instances are under the overall direction of military-district ground

commanders. Although some Soviet planes and crew may not be the equal of their U.S. and NATO counterparts in quality, the Soviets have a vast numerical advantage.

The authors do not portray Soviet soldiers as supermen. The Soviet commanders have to deal with a multi-ethnic army, some of whose components may not be the most reliable. They are faced with a severe shortage of long-service senior noncommissioned officers. Training is not as thorough as in the British or even the U.S. Army. And Soviet officers have an inherent reluctance to show initiative and accept responsibility. Soviet military units actually have two leaders: the military commander and the political officer (*zampolit*), who is the senior partner in the duumvirate and monitors every action taken by the military commander.

Banishing nuclear weapons from the battlefield would scarcely enhance Western security. For, as the authors remind us,

The Soviet Union preaches peace but its policies are aggressive and its aims are expansionist. . . . The Soviet ground forces are admirably suited to fast-moving warfare without nuclear weapons, even a non-nuclear general or world war. And this could be undertaken with no change in equipment, organization, or training methods. . . . The Soviet Union is armed to the teeth, and its leaders would have little compunction in putting its great preponderance of air, armored, and naval forces to use in the furtherance of its political and territorial expansion if it could safely do so.

The Soviet Army is essential reading for anyone wanting to know the kind of army that confronts the West. Policy-makers should be required to digest this volume before they bargain away the nuclear weapons that have thus far kept that army at bay. □

Mr. Lutton, who is covering "The Right Books" this issue, is research director at The Summit, in Manitou Springs, Colorado.

cast-off mistress (the trendy interior designer Darien Taylor, who wants "to do for furniture what Laura Ashley did for fabrics" and "produce a line of high-quality antiques at low cost"), a bank account in the Cayman Islands, an Upper East Side co-op, even the presidency of the airline for which Fox Sr. toils (which Bud somehow gets without giving up his job at the brokerage house!)—is as amusing as watching trained chimps go through their elaborate routines. Indeed, Stone's co-scenarist, Stanley Weiser, is best remembered for *Project X*, in which the chimps made chumps of the human actors.

There are funny lines, e.g., "Got to remember about WASPs: they love animals, can't stand people"; "If this guy owned a funeral parlor, no one would die." Also homespun half-truths: "There's no nobility in poverty any more, Dad!" And, of course, all sorts of sight gags: the frenzy of an art auction where art becomes a commodity like pork bellies; Darien's decorating Bud's apartment till it turns into an opulent pseudo-ruin like a Peter Brook theater. Above all, the movie conveys the exhilaration of getting richer and richer by playing a murderous game of Monopoly with real money and deliciously driving other players into real ruin.

But, finally, *Wall Street* cheats and fails like *Platoon*. Bud goes noble on us—there's belated nobility in riches, it seems, when your mentor starts destroying your dad—and we get a moral ending that is not only mushy but also muddy. Penalties are meted out with deliberate murkiness, so that each viewer can make the punishment fit the crime as he sees fit, and the ending conform to *his* ethical notions. There are serious psychological errors, as when Gekko wins over some raided stockholders with a paean to the patriotic virtues of naked greed, whereas in America such moves are always shrouded in pious hypocrisy. There are stylistic mistakes, as when a sex scene between Bud and Darien is shot like some kind of jaded horizontal ballroom dancing, though the rich copulate pretty much like the poor. And toward the end, nothing parses any more. But Michael Douglas gives a rousing performance as Gekko, and some supporting players are fine, although not Daryl Hannah (Darien) and Sean Young (Mrs. Gekko), who're

dreadful, or Charlie Sheen, who's dull.

Best is Robert Richardson's cinematography. Note especially an opening shot of New York up from the pavement through the crowds, and a rear-view beach shot of Miss Hannah moving away off-center and in silhouette. But the crudeness of sensibility is right there in the nomenclature: Gordon Gekko = Gordon Getty + lizard; Bud Fox = budding slyboots; Darien Taylor = upper-crust suburban version of Liz; etc. They did these things better in Restoration comedy. □

THE GIMLET EYE

WARHOL

D. Keith Mano

ANDY WARHOL once said in my presence that he hoped someday to sell his own excrement as jewelry. This, he thought, would be the ultimate artistic masterstroke. It was, after all, only a matter of tasteful packag-

ing. Set it, oooh, in Lucite, say: bracelets and earrings, mmmm. Under that epicene demeanor Warhol was an extraordinarily sharp middle-class entrepreneur. For three decades he remained Number One in the Pop Art movement: a movement that, by definition, has had to devour and recycle its own ephemerae more or less overnight. You may not have approved of what he sold, but the sale was almost inevitably a brilliant exercise in free-market economics. (Excrement, whatever else it might be, is low-overhead raw material.) Warhol was probably—who can say for sure?—the biggest joke ever played on New York liberals by a capitalist conservative.

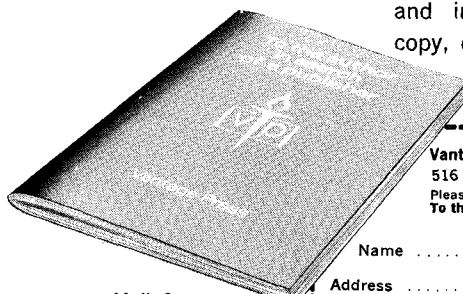
He slept with money under his straw mattress. He called himself a "business artist." And his aesthetic strategies were those of the fashion industry and mass-media advertising—that is, he used reproduction and incessant repetition. But it was repetition and reproduction without message. Conscientiously that. To take one obvious example: the statement *BLACK BEAN* on a Campbell's soup can is meaningless when reproduced in art. He took information

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and made it into decoration. Which, anyway, is exactly what mass advertising does. FAST, FAST, FAST RELIEF might once have meant something specific in reference to Alka Seltzer—but now that datum is merely adjectival. Part of the Alka Seltzer logo. So, too, Warhol turned Marilyn Monroe into an emblem for our age: by constant visual reiteration, he distanced her humanity. It may be that Warhol found her humanity painful and the distancing anodyne. I give him doubt's benefit there. Nonetheless, Marilyn—victimized by publicity in life—became, in death, a kind of two-dimensional slogan after Warhol had done with her.

He gave absurd epiphanies to the commonplace, while impairing what was notable around him. He rejected all sense of history. You know what Warhol said about fame: that everyone deserves a quarter-hour of it. He was drawn to that bogus human right because he had prefabricated fame for himself. Warhol set upon a shy, unprepossessing, marvelously skillful Czech kid from Pittsburgh and, by pure force of will, furnished him with international renown. People, to be sure, had been famous before Warhol's time—but not, I think, in quite the same extravagant and artificial way. He either invented or best understood that concept of mass-media celebrity which has so taken our culture. Celebrity isn't fame: indeed it often obtains without the virtue or achievement that fame once insisted upon. Celebrity is plastic, fictive, repetitious—a matter, yes, of packaging. Hero and heroine, even if accomplices in the business, remain strangely passive. Celeb status is bestowed, not accorded: and it can always be withdrawn. Warhol knew that. The Prince of Pop was also the Tycoon of Passivity.

I borrow that latter designation from Stephen Koch, who wrote *Stargazer: Andy Warhol's World and His Films*. At a recent college seminar on Warhol (which drew several hundred young people—what other American artist, dead or alive, could pull that off?) Koch said, "He had to be on the scene—forming [it] with the peculiar passive power that he exerted over the people of New York. [Yet] he was

notable for his extreme shyness—for his profound impulse to withdraw and be absent from a given scene. [Yet], you sensed, if he couldn't be famous, Warhol wasn't sure he wanted to live."

I ran across him everywhere: a Monroe-like repetition of himself. Even the first name (who would dare address Andrew Wyeth by his diminutive?) announced a false availability. And yet, as you soon found out on speaking to him, there was no one at home. Those effeminate squeals and moans, the way he reversed each interrogative, "Is that so? What do *you* think?" were a form of intellectual and social judo. He would use your energy. Given certain precise limits, he let you create his persona for yourself. A meeting with Warhol—in its cryptic interchange, its discomfort—was pretty exactly analogous to the meeting between modern observer and modern work of art.

His homosexual bias informed all this. (The young Warhol, on arriving in New York, wrote a fan letter to Truman Capote every day for years.) And, Koch said, "Warhol resented the macho Abstract Expressionist world. A great deal of his witticism—'Oh, I love being plastic, I'd love to be a machine, wouldn't you?'—is a repudiation of the ethic of authenticity and its aggressive heterosexuality." Assertive-

ness, even that healthy assertiveness required for original work, was offensive to him. His best ideas were taken from other people (and then given a spectacular reconception). He rejected our romantic notion of the Artist (his studio was a "factory"). Emotion left him uncomfortable.

"He was talking about visual immediacy and how you can transform into some aesthetic object what repelled, fascinated, and terrified him." Most of all he was an outsider: made separate by his sexuality and by his sad physical equipment. It is surprising that he could ever inspire a murderous passion. But Warhol had taught Valerie What's-Her-Face something about instant stardom.

And us a whole lot about the homosexual sensibility. Koch writes, "Around 1960 there was a sort of shift in tone. Where our very famous artists stopped being hard-drinking heterosexuals and turned into pot-smok-

ing homosexuals." A new surface and gloss, the peculiar "look"—taken from fashion—that any Warhol piece has. Passiveness, of course. And the sardonic, objective stance that outsiders must assume. No artist was ever more in sync with a Zeitgeist—circa 1959, say—than Warhol, so it is hard to tell just how much he created and how much he merely foresaw. He became the bright, familiar homosexual "walker" for an entire generation: charming though decadent, insightful though snide. And, incidentally, the most influential American artist of our time. □

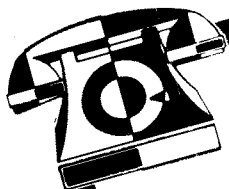
BOOKS IN BRIEF

Campaigning with Grant, by General Horace Porter (Da Capo, 632 pp., paperback, \$12.95)

DA CAPO, which has reprinted the memoirs of Grant and Sherman, among others, here saves an 1897 memorial written by one of Grant's friends, who decided the Tomb on Riverside Drive in Manhattan simply did not do the man justice. Horace Porter served on Grant's staff during the last year of the Civil War; he continued to serve him through his first term as President, but in this memoir he concentrates on that last year of absolute, incorruptible, and hard-won triumph. As William S. McFeely, Grant's latest biographer, writes in a special introduction to this volume, Porter's story is told with nostalgia and affection; "with the passage of time, a patina of sentiment has obscured the raw bronze of killing." But it is a good story nonetheless, done in a polished and ornate "literary" style very different from Grant's own. Porter describes Grant the tactician, outgeneraling Lee. He provides examples of Grant's noted perseverance. But he also captures bits of the man. It may not be essential to know that the general loved horses, pronounced corduroy "corjuroy," disliked retracing his steps, and had a weakness for cucumbers, but it adds something to "a life imagined," as one critic has called the biographer's art. There is, of course, no mention of Grant's capacity for power drinking: *Campaigning with Grant* is a loyal salute, not a stab in the back. Valets of all kinds, take note.

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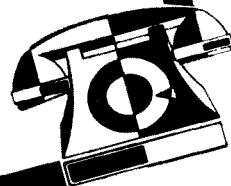
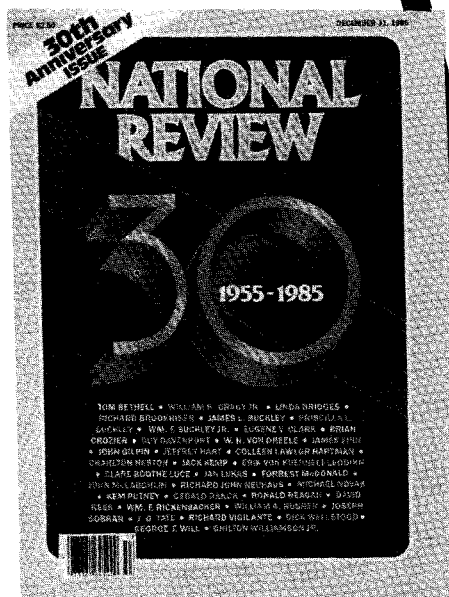
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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

DWIGHT LEE:

Congress Is No Help

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THANK GOD HE'S GONE!

NEW YORK, DEC. 18

JACK VALENTI, getting into the act, said to Gorbachev jocularly that by now Gorbachev was third in the polls in Iowa. At the rate he was going, he'd have won the primary if he had stayed around a couple of weeks. Appropriate, maybe, given that Raisa made it quite clear that if she was going to live in the White House, some changes would need to be made.

It was hard to believe. When the subject of human rights came up, he showed a touch of Khrushchev. When K. was asked about human rights in Czechoslovakia, back in 1959, he gave the journalist to understand that if Khrushchev had his way, he'd remove the journalist to the Lubyanka to be taught good manners. Gorbachev didn't put it quite that way. He said he was not there to be interviewed, which was an odd thing to say given that there was no other reason anyone could think of why he was there.

And then there was his famous impromptu stop to say hello to the People of Washington. People are Gorby's current infatuation. "I feel," he told some Americans at a meeting in the Soviet Embassy, "we should really ponder whether we might not be lagging behind the sentiments, the feelings of our peoples." Gorbachev's "people" would like most of all to be free, and Gorbachev is certainly lagging behind in giving his people what they'd like. An example of the new U.S. sophistication is given by John Williams, who happened to be on the sidewalk where Gorbachev stopped. He is identified as an executive assistant with the Council for Court Excellence. His comment was that he wasn't entirely appeased on the matter of the USSR. But Gorbachev did "display some kind of amazing trust in the American people," he said. Hard to know exactly what he expected the American people to do to Gorbachev, when he stopped suddenly to shake hands. Lynch him?

But the great surprise was that of Mr. Reagan when he called in the four anchor-men and told them about his epiphany. He said that he has changed his mind about the Soviet Union, which he no long-

er believes wishes to stress Marxism-Leninism throughout the world. "Possibly the fundamental change is that in the past, Soviet leaders have openly expressed their acceptance of the Marxist theory of the one-world Communist state; that their obligation was to expand in the whole world. They no longer feel that way."

The President was asked how he came to that conclusion, and he replied that Gorbachev was "the first and only leader that has never stood up before" a Communist Party gathering "and openly stated that [global] goal, as all the others have."

On November 2, five weeks before Mr. Reagan made this statement, Mikhail Gorbachev gave a speech to six thousand members of Communist parties from all over the world, at the Kremlin's Palace of Congresses. His peroration went: "In October 1917, we parted with the Old World, rejecting it once and for all. We are moving toward a new world, the world of Communism. We shall never turn off that road."

It is dismaying to see a President with the acuity of Ronald Reagan come to conclusions that among other things would scandalize Gorbachev himself. When Roosevelt (FDR) warmed it up with Molotov in 1944-45 and said to him things on the order of, "You're too smart, Molotov, old boy, to believe all that see are ay pee about Communism all over the world," he thought he was charming the pants off Molotov. He was doing nothing of the sort. Molotov's reaction, back home, was not unlike that of a papal delegate who had been told in confidence by a foreign leader that in his heart of hearts, he knew all that stuff about Jesus was, well, you know, for the birds.

Mr. Reagan has become famous for his mastery of the Russian phrase "trust but verify." He is doing better right now at

verifying holes in the ground for missiles, than he is at verifying what the Communists are saying, for instance for six thousand Communist delegates on November 2. If Gorbachev is not interested in world dominion, why is he spending \$10 million a day on the militarization of Cuba and Nicaragua? Why is he, with his surrogates, pounding away so heavily in Angola and Mozambique? What is it doing for Ethiopians to starve them to death under Mengistu? Why spend so much to secure the Vietnamese position in Southeast Asia, to arm the rebels in the Philippines? Verification of Soviet behavior is what's needed. If Gorbachev is indeed going to turn his back on the faith of his fathers, God bless him. The point is that it has not happened. □

MR. REAGAN MISUNDERSTANDS

NEW YORK, DEC. 11

THE REPORTER for the *New York Times* reported that Mr. Reagan was "clearly agitated" when asked by one of the four anchor-men who interviewed him the week before the Summit to account for opposition by conservatives to the forthcoming treaty with the Soviet Union. "Clearly agitated," wrote the *New York Times's* Steven Roberts, "Mr. Reagan continued: 'Now, I think that some of the people who are objecting the most and just refusing even to accede to the idea of ever getting any understanding, whether they realize it or not, those people—basically down in their deepest thoughts—have accepted that war is inevitable and that there must come to be a war between the two superpowers.'" Never mind the President's agitation for a moment, his statement is certainly going to agitate a great many other people.

The bitterest aspect of the President's comments is that he is using here precisely the kind of language used by the Communist press. If you wish to read statements about those Americans who want or at any rate expect war, turn to *Pravda* or *Izvestia*. Not even Jesse Jackson accuses conservatives of believing that war is inevitable.

Tell me, do you know anybody who thinks war is inevitable? I don't; and I



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know as many conservatives as anybody this side of Jesse Helms. What some of us suspect—inheriting the tormented vision of Whittaker Chambers when he wrote that in leaving the Communist Party to join the West he was leaving the winning side in order to join the losing side—is that our policies are heading us toward a situation in which the threat of war will no longer serve to deter the aims of the Soviet Union. These aims are by no means to inherit a nuclear rubble, when time comes to assert dominion over the world. But the Soviets do look forward to the day when the enemy will lay down its arms having calculated that military conflict is a suicidal alternative. What Mr. Reagan refuses to dwell on is that men and women who by no means believe war is inevitable, believe that the INF treaty weakens the West's deterrent posture. And we need to bear in mind that a deterrent seeks not only to keep Soviet tanks out of our way, but also Soviet policemen.

Earlier in the interview the President was asked whether the treaty would encounter difficulties in the Senate in virtue of opposition by conservatives combined with his status as a lame-duck President.

"Well, I hope it's going to sail through anyway.

"I think that the objections that we are hearing—and yes, from some of our own, you might say, allies and own forces—they are based on a lack of knowledge as to what this treaty contains, and particularly are they ignorant of the advances that have been made in verification.

"No treaty before has ever been based on as much verification and on-site inspection, and so forth, as this one."

Now that statement is wildly off the point.

1. Even though previous treaties do not provide for such close verification, what verification procedures we do dispose of have been sufficient to convince us—and to convince President Reagan—that the Soviet Union has been cheating. Cheating on SALT I, on the promise to abide by the unratified SALT II, on the chemical-and-biological-weapons treaty, and of course on the ABM treaty. What is the point, conservatives are asking, of verification when, having verified that there is cheating, we don't know what to do about it?

2. It isn't really plausible to suppose that General Alexander Haig, to cite one conspicuous opponent of the treaty, is ignorant of verification technology. Mr. Reagan talks as though most of the opposition is based on doubts about verification. But if the treaty unveiled next week provided for a representative of *Good Housekeeping* to camp down at every former SS-20 site in Eastern Europe, that would not critically affect the reasoning of conservatives who oppose the arrangement. Verification figures in the analysis, but what if verification

were absolutely guaranteed? Still we will have immobilized Europe from achieving a nuclear defense that would reach into Soviet territory. It is such a defense that is the surest deterrent to the exercise of maximum Soviet power, military or diplomatic.

Senators of keen mind will be up against it in the weeks to come. The objections to the treaty raised by such as Haig, and Nixon, and Kissinger, and Kemp, and Kirkpatrick, and du Pont, and Robertson, and NATO's Rogers, and so many others, aren't objections based on the lack of verifiability or on any assumption that war must one day come. And the failure of Mr. Reagan to recognize this is consistent with the surrealism of his enthusiasm for the treaty. □

WHERE'S THE PRESSURE?

NEW YORK, DEC. 14

A CAMBRIDGE, MASS., research organization weighs in with the most startling datum. It is that men and women who live together before marriage (judging from a Swedish sample) have a higher divorce rate than men and women who do not. By 80 per cent. The only inference given over the news broadcast as to why this should be so is that perhaps those couples who did not cohabit before marriage held the institution in greater respect.

The datum is one of those heavy anti-pop-sociology items that come in from time to time, rather like the finding that Margaret Mead's Samoans were actually a wretched lot with their free sex; or that the state (New Hampshire) that spends the least on public schools gets the highest SAT scores; or that students at schools reeking with sex education contract more venereal disease than students at schools without sex education. It has got to be the hoariest assumption of Free Thought that the very best way to ascertain strategic compatibility between potential husbands and wives is for them to share quarters together as man and wife. Even the orthodox have hesitated to challenge the generality, because it does sound so—well, sensible, does it not? But suddenly the figures come in; and they contradict that cozy assumption.

Which leads to the question: What is it that a monogamous society is supposed to do to provide what Mr. B. F. Skinner would call "positive reinforcement" for the idea of monogamous life? I recently recalled that up until about 35 years ago, the Royal Enclosure at Ascot would not admit anyone who had been divorced. The tradition (a strange one, to be sure, to evolve from a denomination founded by Henry VIII) was first waived to permit

Anthony Eden, then the Prime Minister of Great Britain, into the Enclosure notwithstanding that he had, indeed, been divorced. The reason for the exemption, it was discreetly given out, was that in the case of *Eden v. Eden*, it was unmistakably the lady who had been aggressively unfaithful. . . . Granted, to apply the old rule nowadays would require the Queen to bar her sister from the Enclosure; and that would cause what in political terms we would call a constitutional crisis.

But the question crystallizes, How is monogamy to be encouraged? We know, if only because we remember that Thomas Jefferson told us it was so, that laws are far less important than public opinion. What kinds of social pressures today survive on the matter of bigamy?

In recent weeks much public attention has been given to a spectacularly successful British gentleman who, like Alec Guinness in the wonderful movie *Captain's Paradise*, keeps two families. The difference being that Guinness's wife in Algeria knew nothing about Guinness's wife in Gibraltar, and the whole point of the story revolved around the discovery by Wife A of the existence of Wife B, and of their complementary social habits. That movie's plot structure is about as antique as moral austerity at the Ascot Enclosure. If there is a reason today for Wife A not knowing about Wife B, it would have to do with jealousy, not with social toleration.

THE GENTLEMAN in question evidently keeps two families, in different countries. And this is advertised, by those who write about him, with the same nonchalance with which one would treat someone who had a castle in Spain and a chateau in France. It has been hinted that the gentleman polygamist was denied a seat in the House of Lords because of his provocative domestic arrangements: but the question before the house is, really, Are such arrangements provocative? They are hardly new. Those who notice these things are aware that Mr. H. L. Hunt of Texas had a wife in Dallas (his public wife) and another elsewhere. But—again, the arrangements were highly discreet. Highly discreet because it was acknowledged in those days (one million years ago, i.e., before Woodstock) that bigamous arrangements were—how dare one put it? Anti-Christian is too weak (nobody cares). Un-American? But what's un-American? Didn't we abolish the House Committee on Un-American Activities because we couldn't agree on what was un-American?

All we have to worry about is the gradual evanescence of the family. Twenty-five per cent of our families are headed by a single parent, 95 per cent of them women. So? So what? is all we hear around us. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

- A. Foreign language to many Americans 19 37 156 125 61 148 88
- B. Place to enjoy Java (2 words) 70 16 158 77 131 103 33 5 51 94
- C. Very light grey (hyph.) 129 134 92 100 68 2 32 119
- D. Else 124 7 73 116 31 145 101 86 109
- E. German contribution to Hollywood premieres (2 words) 46 39 82 11 132 141 76 90 166 64
- F. He was #34 99 69 43 58 4 14 143 127 29 110
- G. Coagulated 83 45 140 72 159 21 114
- H. Salutation to a certain bovine (2 words) 128 41 150 48 30 108
- I. Give this to the hard-driving conservative (3 words) 62 133 75 8 153 36 50 20 117 163

- J. Newport is its county seat (3 words) 157 3 26 89 121 96 136 44 139 146
- K. Strongest thief in the mall? 130 71 104 60 22 12 161 97 34 118
- L. Civil wrongs to civil rights 123 147 24 87 59
- M. New Testament book 162 137 28 56 154 106 67
- N. Current site of Soviet benevolence 151 42 13 98 85 66 54 138 1 27
- O. Richard Roundtree movie 152 84 47 17 135
- P. Briefs 107 57 23 165 122 80
- Q. Stroked Fido 25 149 78 53 155 38
- R. Toward the soul 63 120 10 112 81 126
- S. Answer 164 40 18 95 79 105 142 9 52
- T. D.C. initials 91 144 55
- U. Type of drinker who boxes (hyph.) 93 115 160 35 65 102 6 74 49

1 N	2 C	3 J		4 F	5 B	6 U		7 D	8 I	9 S		10 R	11 E	12 K	13 N	14 F	15 J		16 B
T	i	S		N	O	T		T	H	E		W	E	i	G	H	T		J
17 O			18 S	19 A	20 I	21 G	22 K		23 P	24 L		25 Q	26 J	27 N	28 M	29 F		30 H	31 D
F			J	E	W	E	L		O	R		P	L	A	T	E		O	R
32 C	33 B	34 K		35 U	36 I	37 A	38 Q	39 E	40 S		41 H	42 N		43 F	44 J	45 G	46 E		47 O
F	I	S		F	O	N	D	L	E		O	F		S	I	L	K		A
48 H	49 U		50 I	51 B	52 S		53 Q	54 N	55 T		56 M	57 P	58 F		59 L	60 K	61 A	62 I	63 R
N	D		F	J	R		T	I	S		T	H	L		S	P	I	R	I
64 E		65 U	66 N		67 M	68 C	69 F	70 B	71 K		72 G	73 D	74 U		75 I	76 E	77 B	78 Q	
T		I	N		W	H		C	H		T	H	E		G	I	F	T	
79 S	80 P		81 R	82 E	83 G	84 O		85 N	86 D		87 L	88 A	89 J		90 E	91 T	92 C	93 U	94 B
I	S		R	J	C	H		A	S		T	H	L		G	I	F	T	S
	95 S	96 J		97 K	98 N	99 F		100 C	101 D	102 U	103 B		104 K	105 S	106 M	107 P		108 H	109 D
110 F	111 B		112 R	113 N	114 G		115 U	116 D		117 I	118 K	119 C		120 R	121 J	122 P		123 L	124 D
			A	N	D		W	E		A	P	E		N	C	T		T	
125 A	126 R		127 F	128 H	129 C	130 K	131 B		132 E	133 I	134 C	135 O		136 J	137 M	138 N		139 J	140 G
L	D		W	H	O	S	I							W	A	S		G	O
141 E	142 S		143 F	144 T		145 D	146 J	147 L	148 A	149 Q		150 H	151 N	152 O		153 I	154 M	155 Q	
I	B		O	R		W	H	O	S	E		W	A	S		T	H	E	
156 A	157 J	158 B	159 G		160 U	161 K		162 M	163 I	164 S	165 P	166 E							
G	I				C	E		M	Y	R	E	H							

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 70 for solution to last Trans-O-GRAM.

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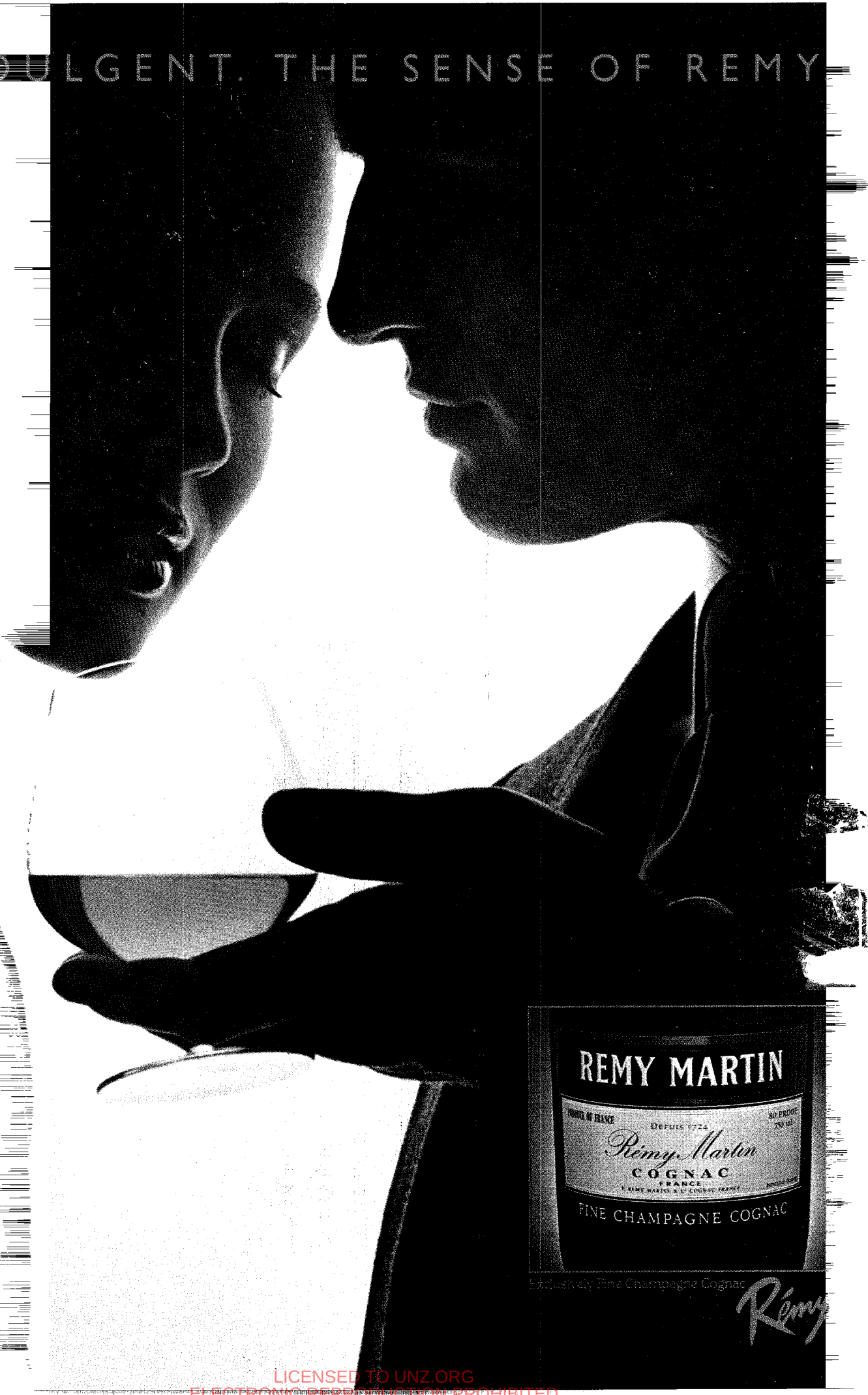
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